The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

REBELS AND SURVIVORS

The American will may triumph through amphibious landings on foreign beaches and thrusting searches into space, but American democracy survives in smaller steps for mankind: the righteous and often unrewarded work of a few rebels who remember the nation's promise and fight for its future. Three noble survivors have been honored in recent weeks, and they deserve celebration.

Thomas I. Emerson, the Lines Professor Emeritus of Law at Yale, was awarded the American Civil Liberties Union's first Medal of Liberty on June 11. Emerson virtually invented the study of civil liberties in law schools, wrote the first text on the subject and laid the academic groundwork for many major advances—among them equal rights for women. He defended the left against McCarthyism, took on J. Edgar Hoover at the height of the secret policeman's sway and taught generations of law students that the public interest needs as much counsel as does corporate power.

Palmer Weber was honored on June 12 by New York University Law School, which named a fellowship for him in its Hays Civil Liberties Program. A white Southerner who rebelled against the restrictive consciousness of his class and region, Weber has spent almost five decades organizing people and raising funds for civil liberties and racial justice.

The third surviving rebel is *The Progressive*, which this month celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary. Founded by "Fighting Bob" LaFollette in the heyday of popular democracy, the magazine has never lost its vision. In its anniversary issue, I.F. Stone, himself a great rebel and survivor, put it this way: "History is not a totally fatalistic drama. People can change it at least a little bit. . . . I think it's a citizen's duty—and a journalist's duty—to fight. You never can tell, sometimes you win."

TOLSTOY'S HEARSAY
Alexander Cockburn

COVERT WARRIORS
Peter H. Stone

'BRAVE NEW AGRICULTURE'
Constance Matthiessen
Howard Kohn

MY REUNION
Robert E. Treuhaft

CROOKED MAN
Robert Sherrill

'ANOTHER COUNTRY'
Andrew Kopkind

AFTER THE BAILOUT

THE NEXT BIG BANKING CRISIS

MICHAEL MOFFITT

At a particularly tense moment on Thursday, May 17, as Continental Illinois Bank flirted with insolvency, an official of another big U.S. bank remarked, "If the government steps in, the crisis will be over and everything will be all right." For a week, Continental, the eighth-largest bank in the country, had been shaken by an old-fashioned run. A private-sector safety net coordinated by Morgan Guaranty Trust Company turned out to be inadequate. Continental had been borrowing an average of $4 billion a day from the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, and another $2 billion from the Morgan Guaranty group. When the run persisted, the government took several dramatic and unprecedented steps, in the largest bank salvage operation in American history:

§ The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation injected $1.5 billion into Continental and persuaded the Morgan Guaranty group to provide $500 million more, doubling the bank's capital.

§ The F.D.I.C. also pledged to stand behind all claims on Continental by depositors and creditors, while the Fed agreed to supply cash daily as needed.

§ The government sponsored a $1 billion expansion in the private safety net by agreeing to back those loans as well.

§ Finally, the government is openly helping to find a buyer for Continental and will, if necessary, lift regulatory barriers to make a purchase possible.

What the banker who hoped for a government fix failed to realize was that the profound weaknesses of the world financial system will re-

(*Continued on Page 17*)

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LETTERS.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL

New York City

Alexander Cockburn is to be commended for helping his friends—he has helped me much in the past, including his generous praise of the bulk of *Endless Enemies*—and I accept his account of Kennett Love's virtuousness in recent years simply on the basis that he calls Love his friend ["Beat the Devil," *The Nation*, May 26].

Nevertheless, because friendship may have misted Alexander's eyes a bit, I think *The Nation*'s readers might want direct reference to Love's account of the affair in question: the U.S. coup in Teheran in 1953 that restored the Shah to power, overthrowing Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh, the last democratically elected—albeit indirectly—leader of Iran. Mossadegh, a staunch nationalist and anticommunist who courageously evicted the Russians from his country after World War II, was overthrown by the United States for trying to create a competitive market for Iran's oil, which would have benefited American consumers, to the detriment of Exxon and Mobil.

Nowhere in Love's long account, from which I quote copiously in *Endless Enemies*, does he say he wanted to get rid of the tanks at the radio station because they were interfering with his efforts to broadcast his reports. What he says is, "A half-dozen tanks swarming with cheering soldiers were parked in front of the radio station. I told the tank commanders that a lot of people were getting killed trying to storm Dr. Mossadegh's house and that they, the tank commanders, ought to go down where they would be of some use instead of sitting idle at the radio station. They declared my suggestion to be a splendid idea. They took their machines in a body to Kokh Avenue and put the three tanks at Dr. Mossadegh's house out of action after a lively duel with armour-piercing 75-millimeter shells." This certainly suggests that Love went with the tanks, unless he made up his vivid account of the battle.

Moreover, because of Alexander's considerate efforts to keep his criticism of my book as brief as possible, he doesn't mention that Love also took a pile of C.I.A. propaganda he had watched being run off by U.S. employees and distributed it in downtown Teheran, all the while reporting back to *New York Times* readers as if the coup was completely an Iranian affair and the United States had nothing to do with it. (Love doesn't say how he knew that the man who took him to the propaganda mill was "a C.I.A. man," though Love identifies the man as such; in my telephone interview with him last year, Love said he couldn't remember how he learned this.)

I do concede, based on Alexander's reporting, a possible error in part of one sentence, though Love didn't bring the matter up in our interview. I am asking my publisher, Congdon & Weed, to delete from future editions the phrase that says Love submitted his report to Allen Dulles "while Dulles was director of all U.S. intelligence gathering," as it appears the report may not have been submitted until a few years after Dulles's retirement. Nevertheless, the point being made by the sentence is still valid, and I will substitute for the errant phrase a note that Love—as he declared to me in our interview—knew the C.I.A. used the report after he gave it to Dulles (he even complained to me that "the C.I.A. was very loose with it").

Let me close by emphasizing again how glad I am that there is an Alexander Cockburn, and that I admire his loyalty to his friends, of whom I am proud to count myself one. *Jonathan Kwitny*

'TASTELESS TITLE'

Rome

It is embarrassing to have to protest about one's own article, but it would be more embarrassing not to do so. Every journalist knows that editors—not the journalist—are responsible for choosing the titles and illustrations for articles. Readers, however, are usually not aware of that. "Church of the Poor: A Wafer the Vatican Can't Swallow" was a tasteless title to stick on my article about the Vatican and the liberation theology movement [*The Nation*, June 2]. The wafer is sacred throughout the Catholic world, not least of all to the members of the liberation theology movement. The drawing chosen to illustrate the article was also poor journalism and in bad taste. With the exception of Marx on the cross, the heroes were indistinguishable from the villains.

This was not a simple story to write. At *The Nation* it was carefully edited. Why, then, did the magazine damage its own credibility and erode its reputation with that title and cartoon? It was exactly the kind of anti-religious touch that those who are making every effort to discredit and divide the liberation theology movement delight in seeing in an article that attempts to set the record straight. *T.M. Pasca*

CHURCHILL EMENDS

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

The "Follow-up" on the F.B.I.'s Interstate Identification Index [*The Nation*, May 26] stated that Robert R.J. Gallati "drew up stringent security and privacy safeguards for the computerized criminal history files, but the F.B.I. rejected them." For the record, the guidelines were prepared for Search Group Inc., before the F.B.I. took over the computerized criminal history system. Also, the director of the F.B.I.'s National Crime Information Center is David Nemecek.

Mae Churchill

A MOVEMENT, NOT A PARTY: THE SEQUEL

Thank you for Kirkpatrick Sale's editorial on the North American Bioregional Congress ["Bioregional Green," *The Nation*, June 16]. He was correct in reporting that the congress arrived at a general agreement about the need for Green politics operating with bioregional principles. However, we did not found "a Green politics network . . . with contacts throughout the continent, to start bioregionally based Green parties." Instead, we formed a Bioregional-Green Committee (Box 658, Mountain Home, AK 72653), which we consider a part of the larger Green political organization (not party!) that is being formed to influence local and regional politics (Green Movement, Box 19324, Washington, DC 20036). *Gloria Goldberg*

Bioregional-Green Committee

THE CANCER GENERATION

Los Angeles

Alfie Kohn's May 19 *Nation* article, "Hooking America on Caffeine," had a serious omission: coffee's role in causing cancer of the pancreas. A study reported in *The New England Journal of Medicine* about two years ago concluded that coffee is responsible for, as I recall, 12,000 cancer deaths per year in the United States. I'm not surprised that Kohn overlooked this fact, which appeared with only a mild splash in the popular press and was promptly forgotten. I've not seen anything about it since, and wonder why. In a society that boasts a Tobacco Institute that has the temerity to deny the evidence for the death-dealing nature of its product, perhaps I shouldn't. *Anthony Saidy*

PRODUCER'S QUERY

Los Angeles

I am producing a feature-length independent documentary, *Tender Comrades*, which will trace the lives and times from the 1930s to the early 1950s of those Hollywood screenwriters, actors and directors who were later blacklisted. In essence, the film is to be a portrait of a generation of Hollywood activists, of their and the movies' most fertile years.

Archival research is essential to this project, but we are also hoping to reach individuals who may have home movies, photographs or newsreels of Los Angeles demonstrations, antifascist rallies and Hollywood Guild activities from the 1930s and 1940s. If any readers have collected or know of such material, please call (213) 821-2597 and leave a message, or write: Penumbra Films, 2322 Clement Avenue, Venice, CA 90291. *Kenneth Mate*

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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EDITORIALS.

Time After Time

Ronald Reagan's greatest hits are collected from his policies of intervention in the Third World, militarism on a global scale and redistribution of wealth from the lower levels of American society up to the moneyed class. But Reaganism scores quieter successes every day with the steady infiltration of conservatives into government operations, the subtle subsidization of right-wing propaganda and the effective restriction of avenues of protest. Here's June's toll.

Reagan's appointees on the Inter-American Foundation, a government agency which works with grass-roots organizations of the poor in Latin American countries, voted to name the right-wing head of a health spa as the foundation's president. Deborah Szekely's credentials include ownership of the legendary Golden Door in Escondido, California, where guests can work off their tummies, ride the water wagon or simply pamper their bodies for a mere $2,500 a week. Szekely routinely helps Republican political campaigns in California, and two years ago ran for Congress in that state (she lost). But it seems to be stretching her two-page, single-spaced, italicized résumé to suggest that any of her activities in upscale body worship or Republican electioneering qualify her for a major role in Third World development programs.

Over at the National Endowment for the Humanities, chairman William J. Bennett shelled out $30,000 from an "emergency" fund he controls to Accuracy in Media, the

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ultraconservative organization dedicated to stamping out liberal and humanist consciousness in American intellectual life. AIM's Reed Irvine said he needed the money to monitor reruns of the public-television series on the Vietnam War and to produce a documentary rebuttal. Apparently the series's evenhanded approach generated hostility on the part of viewers who had hoped for a more celebratory treatment of the American role in the war.

Meanwhile, at the Internal Revenue Service the Reagan bureaucracy has begun fining taxpayers who write notes of protest on their forms. One woman paid her $35 tax bill (on earnings of $3,000) but appended a typewritten note: "Signed involuntarily under penalty of statutory punishment." The I.R.S. fined her $500, seized her $140.06 bank account and filed a lien against her house. The action was taken against her (and more than 7,600 others) under the 1982 law aimed at taxpayers who withhold payment to protest government policies. It forbids "altering" tax returns. As the I.R.S. is applying the law, it also forbids words, which ought to be free.

Mixed-Up Message

When that old foe of abortion former Senator James L. Buckley travels as the U.S. representative to the U.N. International Conference on Population in Mexico City in August, he will bring with him an extraordinary document. The position paper prepared for him by the White House reverses America's seventeen-year-old policy of support for family planning around the world.

It argues that Third World poverty is caused by—what else—government regulation and that the population crisis is a figment of the gloomy imagination of intellectuals. Third World countries, the paper urges, should give up population planning—what it calls, in a phrase reminiscent of Richard Nixon, the "easy way out"—and embrace economic deregulation. America's contribution to the effort? To withdraw support from programs "of which [abortion] is a part," and from programs "funded by governments or private organizations that advocate abortion as an instrument of population control." Thus, a government accepting aid from a private agency that does not repudiate abortion would lose its assistance from the United States. By yoking two disparate ideas—free market economics and opposition to abortion—the White House is sending a message not to the population planners in Mexico City but to New Right voters here who might be wavering in their support for Ronald Reagan.

The best way to help people limit the size of their families—and to reduce the incidence of abortion as well—is to provide safe and effective contraception. Where family-planning services are poorly run, as is too often the case in Bangladesh [see Betsy Hartmann and Jane Hughes, "And the Poor Get Sterilized," *The Nation*, June 30], they must be improved. The basis of any responsible family-planning program is freedom of choice. That means men and women must never be coerced into using any given method. But it also means abortion must be one of the choices offered. In a country like Bangladesh, where many women die from illegal abortions and in childbirth, legalizing abortion could, according to one estimate, cut the maternal death rate by at least 25 percent. The United States should be supporting, not deserting, programs that offer women the right to choose.

Trial by Satire

The day I attended the trial of John Z. DeLorean there was an eclipse of the sun. That celestial event is a metaphor for what has been happening in the Los Angeles courtroom—an eclipse of testimony that might influence the jury's verdict.

The jurors are not sequestered, so after professional informer James Hoffman testified that DeLorean had boasted of a cocaine deal with Johnny Carson, they could watch Carson on *The Tonight Show* that evening express his anger and deny the charge. In effect, Johnny Carson has testified at the DeLorean trial, discrediting the prosecution's chief witness without ever taking an oath, undergoing cross-examination or risking perjury.

Much of the trial is tedious. At one point my eyes were closed, and the spectator seated next to me jabbed me in the ribs with his elbow when a marshal walked in. Apparently, dozing off is a Federal offense or at least a vehicle for the arbitrary exercise of power. No wonder spectators and reporters alike wishfully snorted the air when five and a half pounds of cocaine were entered as evidence.

TV crews ritualistically line up like a firing squad in front of the courthouse, aiming their cameras to videotape those perpetual car-door exits. (It would, of course, be illegal to use file footage.) And print journalists, who need to come up with stories daily, inadvertently give ideas to the defense attorneys by suggesting, Are you going to ask such-and-such a question?

Reporters try to relieve the boredom by speculating about who will play whom in the inevitable movie about the case. Burl Ives was suggested as Larry Flynt, who allegedly had a tape recording of Hoffman threatening the life of DeLorean's daughter if the automaker backed out of the deal. The Asian-American judge would be played by Keye Luke. A black reporter suggested Eddie Murphy for the role of Johnny Carson.

James Coburn has indicated he would like to play DeLorean, although Cristina Ferrare prefers that her husband be portrayed by Hal Holbrook. She would like herself to be played by Debra Winger, and Hoffman the Snitch to be played by Jabba the Hut, the gluttonous villain in *Return of the Jedi*. Videotapes reveal that when the $60 million coke deal was proposed over lunch in a room at the Bonaventure Hotel, Hoffman ate voraciously, even finishing off the crab that DeLorean had left on his plate.

Symbolically that is consistent with the fact that Hoffman continued working in his undercover capacity even after ful-

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filling the terms of his plea-bargaining agreement in May 1982. It is as if Thomas Noguchi were to perform autopsies on a freelance basis even after being dumped as Los Angeles County Coroner, not just for the money but because he likes people.

The film on the DeLorean trial could appropriately be titled *On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors* or *Two Sides of the Same Coin*, since the U.S. government overtly lent money to the Chrysler Corporation and covertly tried to bail out the DeLorean company with a narcotics setup. That procedure is what is really on trial here.

Meanwhile, John DeLorean has become a born-again Christian. Presumably he now lays out his lines of coke in the form of a cross.

PAUL KRASSNER

Paul Krassner is the editor of an anthology, Best of The Realist, *to be published by Running Press in September.*

Beyond Greenham

As Sally Belfrage observed about Greenham Common ["Down Among the 'Wimmin,'" *The Nation*, June 30], a visitor just now is likely to find things at a low ebb. But in some respects this impression is deceiving. When I was there last month, women had vital reasons for being elsewhere. Thirty to forty Greenham campers were in Holloway Prison or in court as a result of recent "visibility actions." Many more were off planning a nationwide peace strike for the end of September. Others were in London to organize support for the besieged demonstrators at the cruise missile base in Comiso, Sicily, where on May 12, the women's peace camp was shut by police. (As of this writing, women have just returned to the land—bought with hundreds of international contributions—and have re-established their presence at the base.)

Still other women were in the Netherlands to participate in actions planned to coincide with the parliament's vote on whether to accept cruise missiles. On June 14, the Netherlands' Christian Democratic–Liberal coalition government decided to postpone deployment until 1988. This sop to a vocally anticruise electorate is covertly a Yes vote to deployment, unlike Denmark's resounding No on May 10.

In spite of such setbacks, the network of resistance to NATO's plans for a nuclear Europe is growing. Following instructions on the back of a leaflet handed to me at Greenham Common, I took the well-trodden path to Volkel, a small women's peace camp outside a military base in the Netherlands where, the women have reason to believe, parts for tactical nuclear weapons have been stored since 1959. Also on that trail, I visited Woensdrecht, where men and women have established a large and well-supplied camp at the site set aside for the cruise. (A similar military base is being prepared at Florennes, Belgium, where a Christian Democratic parliament voted last year to accept cruise missiles in 1985.)

By now, Greenham is as much a rallying metaphor as a place, and all NATO governments are under pressure from growing public consciousness about the potential dangers of deployment.

I returned home to find the lawsuit brought by Greenham women against the Reagan Administration still pending in U.S. Federal court, as Judge David Edelstein considers the government's request that he dismiss the case. The Center for Constitutional Rights and the Lawyers Committee for Nuclear Policy have developed cogent arguments to uphold the women's right to sue on the grounds of "reckless endangerment" and "threat of wrongful death" in violation of the U.S. Constitution and international law.

Pressure elsewhere in America is growing too. The women's peace encampment at the Seneca Army Depot in Romulus, New York, is planning events and actions for every weekend this summer, beginning July 14. (For information, call 607-869-5825.) Romulus is an important place on the developing map of international peace activism: it is from there that the Army sends cruise missiles to England, France, Italy, West Germany—and how far beyond?

ANN SNITOW

Ann Snitow is the co-editor of Powers of Desire: The Politics of Sexuality *(Monthly Review Press).*

NEWS OF 'THE NATION'

With this issue we begin our biweekly summer schedule, hence the July 7-14 cover date. And with the summer come a number of staff changes. Andy Kopkind, who has been serving as associate editor during Kai Bird's leave of absence to write a book on John J. McCloy, has undertaken a book of his own on politics and culture. He will keep writing editorials, articles and movie reviews but will cut back on editing chores. Joining us as associate editor is Elsa Dixler, who comes via McGraw-Hill Book Company and, before that, *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society*. Elsa has also edited two *Nation* books: *Ominous Politics*, by John S. Saloma 3d (Hill and Wang), and *The Question of Intervention*, soon to be published by Holmes and Meier. In addition to her magazine duties, Elsa will be responsible for *The Nation*'s book publishing program.

Eric Etheridge, who started as an intern in 1980 and moved to editorial assistant and then to assistant editor, founded *The Nation*'s fact-checking operation. We are much indebted to Eric and will miss him as he moves elsewhere in the magazine world. His place will be taken by Katrina vanden Heuvel, an alumna of *The Nation* intern program. Katrina, who helped Iris McWilliams catalogue the Carey McWilliams papers, has worked as a fact checker for *Esquire* and as a researcher for ABC's "Close Up" unit.

Finally, we thank Zach Sklar, who has performed above and beyond the call while filling in for executive editor Richard Lingeman, who has been finishing up a book on the early years of Theodore Dreiser.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

'War and Peace' Mere Hearsay

In statements certain to lower further the standing of journalism in public esteem, after the *New Yorker* affair and other cases, two prominent writers admitted last weekend that they had based some of their most renowned passages of reporting on hearsay, secondary sources and their own imagination.

The disclosure likely to cause the greatest stir came from Count Leo Tolstoy during a recent seminar, "Imagination and the New Journalism," held at the literary retreat at Yaddo in upstate New York. In the course of informal remarks made after the session had concluded, Count Tolstoy admitted that he had not been present at the battle of Borodino, had known neither Napoleon nor General Kutuzov personally and had "dreamed up" many of the leading characters in his description of the French invasion of Russia, published in book form under the title *War and Peace*.

It appears that Count Tolstoy's remarks were overheard by an employee at Yaddo, who brought them to the attention of a reporter at the local paper. At first, Count Tolstoy attempted to make light of the affair, saying that his remarks had been "taken out of context." But yesterday he told a reporter, "There are some truths that can be grasped only by the imagination."

Prof. Fred Friendly of the Columbia School of Journalism dismissed Count Tolstoy's claim as "self-serving." "Count Tolstoy piped [i.e. made up] quotes, however much he may talk about 'imagination.' When he writes about real people like Napoleon his readers trust him to be reporting accurately. Count Tolstoy breached that trust and the entire profession suffers as a result."

Melian Dialogue 'A Fake'

Although the furor over *War and Peace* has so far had greater impact, some experts think the Thucydides affair will have even stronger long-term repercussions. "Thucydides is quite simply a disgrace," Professor Friendly told a reporter today. "I cannot imagine any reputable newspaper wanting to touch his work again." Professor Friendly's remarks were provoked by the distinguished Greek historian's disclosure that he had neither handwritten notes nor tape recordings of many of the speeches that form a considerable part of his well-known dispatches on the conflict between Athens and Sparta, assembled between hard covers under the title *The Peloponnesian War*. Thucydides told his audience at a history workshop at Columbia University last week that not all the speeches may have been verbatim accounts and indeed that he had constructed them to "dramatize the issues" at crucial moments in his narrative.

Thucydides stressed that "wherever possible" he had attempted to verify firsthand the events he was describing. He noted that he had visited many of the crucial battlefields. He said that he had direct knowledge of seven major speeches given in Athens before he left that city in 424 B.C. and that he had accurately conveyed their import. But he made a distinction between the vocation of transcribing events, an activity conveyed by the Greek verb "*xuntithenai*"—mechanical compilation—and true historical composition, evoked by the verb "*suggraphein*." Referring to his celebrated account of the dialogue between the Melians and the Athenians, an exchange that prefaced the Athenian siege and subsequent massacre of all Melian males, he said he had been attempting to distill the "essence of *Realpolitik*."

"I caused the Athenians to say that the Melians would find it to their advantage to submit to the Athenian sphere of influence. And then I had the Melians ask how it could possibly be as good for them to serve as for the Athenians to rule, and could they not just remain neutral, friends instead of enemies but allies of neither side. And then the Athenians give this response, 'No, for your hostility cannot so much hurt us as your friendship will be an argument to our subjects of our weakness and your enmity of our power.' Now, though those sentiments were nourished by the Athenians, I could not swear that they phrased them exactly in that way. But that was the moral truth of the dialogue."

Thucydides said that while many "supposedly objective reporters" would have been content to reprint Athenian press releases about the menace of a Spartan "beachhead on Melos," he had distilled a truth "as applicable to the stance of the United States toward Nicaragua as it had been to that of the Athenians 2,400 years earlier."

One observer, insisting on anonymity, noted that Thucydides, a man of extensive private means, had been sent into exile by the Athenians on account of military incompetence during the siege of Amphipolis. "On these grounds alone," he said, "I doubt very much whether Thucydides could be trusted to write an objective account of the war."

Old World Information Order

Aside from those lengthy stories questioning the professional credentials of Tolstoy and Thucydides, *The New York Times* published a front-page story in its Sunday edition for June 24 under the headline "Licensing of Latin Journalists Gives Rise to Growing Fears." The article reported that a number of Latin American nations now require journalists to get government licenses before going to work, and in that way impair "press freedom." The odd thing about the story is the unstated assumption that no such licensing system exists in the United States, similarly impairing freedom.

It exists, of course, the only difference being that in the United States the orthodox media are trusted by the government to maintain and police the system informally, thus sparing the government much time and expense.

To obtain a license it is best not to be black. As Jesse Jackson recently pointed out to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, 92 percent of all U.S. newspapers have no black editors, and 61 percent have no blacks in their newsrooms. After sixty-one years of weekly publication *Time* still refuses to license a black person to

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obtain a senior executive position at the magazine.

A license will be speedily withdrawn if a journalist pursues inquiries—with however much scrupulous "objectivity"—reflecting adversely on the system of property relations loosely evoked by the word "capitalism"; the system of alliances and interests embodied in the acronym NATO; the conduct—beyond certain narrow limits—of Israel.

The journalist will find his or her license at risk if anything other than the most orthodox political opinions are espoused—even in a social capacity. No columnist professing socialist beliefs is permitted to hold a license as a staff member of any orthodox daily newspaper in the United States. Homosexuals on many papers fear to reveal their inclinations publicly, lest their licenses be withdrawn.

The current situation in mainstream U.S. journalism rather resembles the triumph of allopathic medicine over other systems of treatment at the turn of the century. Within a few years the allopaths had won a monopoly in the dominant medical discourse. (Silence for the late, great Foucault.) The homeopaths and others—labeled quacks—were unable to obtain licenses to practice, and found their methods and philosophies banished from recognized training courses. In the same way today the rules of journalistic discourse are being constricted, and the eccentric and the heterodox rooted out. It's all part of post-Vietnam reconstruction; the basic aim is to get journalism back to the status of police reporting, to the principle, always so congenial to the dominant ideology, that a notebook, a pencil and a head emptied of opinion are the best tools for understanding the world. Just give me the facts.

The Factual Heresy

Educating me in the elements of journalism, my father set me straight on the factual heresy. He said, and later wrote:

> To hear people talking about the facts you would think they lay about like pieces of gold ore in the Yukon days waiting to be picked up. . . . There are no such facts. In a sense all stories are written backwards—they are supposed to begin with the facts . . . but in reality they begin with a journalist's point of view, a conception, and it is the point of view from which the facts are subsequently organized. Journalistically speaking, "in the beginning is the word." All this is difficult . . . to explain to the layman, because he gets the impression that you are saying that truth does not matter and that you are publicly admitting what he long ago suspected, that journalism is a way of "cooking" the facts. Really cunning journalists, realising this, and anxious to raise the status of journalism in the esteem of the general public, positively encourage the layman in his mistaken views. They like him to have the picture of these nuggety facts lying about on maybe frozen ground and a lot of noble and utterly unprejudiced journalists with no idea whatever of what they are looking for scrabbling in the iron-bound earth and presently bringing home the pure gold of Truth.

I remembered those words while watching a TV drama about Lady Astor the other day. Suddenly someone in the show rushed in and asked her whether she had seen all the frightful lies being told about her by Claud Cockburn. The setting was 1936, when my father had been describing in his mimeographed periodical, *The Week*, the forces in Britain urging appeasement of Hitler.

Among those forces was the Astor family, which owned *The Times* of London. My father had written two long pieces in *The Week* about the appeasers, but both stories had absolutely no impact. A month later he tried again and this time, as he recalled,

> It occurred to me to head the whole story "The Cliveden Set" and to use this phrase several times in the text. [Cliveden was the Astors' Thames-side house.] The thing went off like a rocket. . . . What ultimately interested and still interests me about the entire affair were not the facts about the Cliveden Set but the journalistic detail—the way in which a phrase can trigger to explosion a lot of facts which, for the most part, were already known to hundreds of people, but remained, as it were, inert.

Now a police reporter would probably have said that you could not precisely *prove* that there was a Cliveden set bent on appeasing Hitler, and even if you had a photograph of Ribbentrop, Lady Astor and Geoffrey Dawson (editor of *The Times*) pacing the lawns of Cliveden, it would demonstrate nothing more than the fact that they enjoyed the same form of physical exercise. But the police reporter would have been wrong. The Astors and others clustered around Chamberlain were a "set" of appeasers who saw Hitler's regime and their collaboration with it as necessary to maintain the social order they preferred.

Democratic-Socialist Social Democrats

On the matter of preferred social order, I'm not sure where Irving Howe and Michael Harrington draw the line. Billed as "Voices From the Left" in *The New York Times Magazine* of June 17, the two sought to display the muscle and sinew of the socialist vision. Howe offered the vibrant credo that the "democratic left . . . tries to put a little starch into traditional liberalism," but stressed the main victory of these democratic leftists in the last decades—the one achieved over Stalinism and American Communists. This surely came as a comfort to *Times* readers. Harrington must have added to their Sunday morning tranquillity, illustrating the shift in American leftist thinking with the news that "when I criticize American foreign policy, our intervention in Central America, the MX, I do that in the name of the national security of the United States."

Now, you could argue that socialism would be good for the national security of the United States if "national security" is defined as the well-being of the majority. I thought Harrington might have had such a qualifier in the back of his head; but Howe quickly interposed, "And this is not just a rhetorical stratagem, it's a genuine position," and Harrington did not dissent. So much for proletarian internationalism. If Howe and Harrington come to believe, as I do, that Nicaragua does pose a threat to U.S. imperialism—hence to its national security—would they favor intervention?

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ARTICLES.

A PENTAGON-C.I.A. PRODUCTION

The Special Forces In 'Covert Action'

PETER H. STONE

A few months ago the Pentagon telephoned retired Air Force Major General Edward Lansdale. His voice cracks now, but Lansdale says he still likes to advise the government. So when the Pentagon invited him to address a two-day conference on new tactics to use against the Sandinista government in Nicaragua and the leftist rebels in El Salvador, he readily assented. The choice of Lansdale was more than serendipitous. In military circles he is legendary as a veteran of Third World struggles. A World War II ace with the Office of Strategic Services, he made his name in the Philippines in the 1950s, masterminding the Central Intelligence Agency's covert tricks and military "civic action" programs which were crucial in defeating the Huk guerrillas. He went on to South Vietnam, where he devised the clever system of green and red voting cards that helped Ngo Dinh Diem garner 98 percent of the vote in 1955. The cards bearing Diem's name were red, which represents good luck in Asia, while those bearing his opponent's name were green, which is associated with cuckolds. With Lansdale's record, it is no wonder Graham Greene used him as the model for Pyle in *The Quiet American*, the tale of an innocent Yankee whose efforts to spread the American way bring only destruction and death in their wake.

Although he won't reveal the details of his address to the Pentagon conference, Lansdale says he proposed a broad campaign of "psychological operations" for Central America. "I don't think conventional forces work," he told me. "I'm concerned that the government hasn't caught on how to handle these things." Some idea of what Lansdale might have suggested can be inferred from an interview he gave last year to *The Journal of Defense and Diplomacy*, in which he lauded the Nicaraguan "freedom fighters" and argued that a strategy of political action was needed to oppose leftist insurgencies in Central America: "Since there are political minds and political forces that direct the subversive actions in the target countries, they certainly offer themselves as targets for political attack. . . . If we can reach them, and they can be made to give up their aims, the insurgency they direct and support will wither and die."

Lansdale says he doesn't know if the Pentagon took his advice, but the fact that he was asked to contribute his ideas is itself emblematic of the important shift in Pentagon thinking that has occurred during the Reagan Administration—especially within the last year, as the influence of the State Department has waned and that of the Pentagon and the C.I.A. has risen. The Pentagon and the C.I.A. have collaborated closely in building a network of bases in Honduras for overt and covert operations, and they have developed backdoor mechanisms for supporting the Nicaraguan *contras* despite Congressional reins on C.I.A. spending. Not yet ready to commit combat troops to the region because of the political risks at home, the Pentagon has revived many elements of the counterinsurgency strategy employed in the Vietnam War, including the expanded use of Special Forces which often work closely with the C.I.A. They comprise Army Green Berets and Rangers, Navy Seals and what the Air Force generically calls special operating forces. Consider the following signs:

§ The Joint Special Operations Agency was formed early this year to coordinate the various elements of the Special Forces in all the services.

§ The Army and the Navy have expanded their elite forces substantially. By October 1, 1985, the Army should have about 6,000 men in its units, up from 4,000 in 1983. The four Navy Seal units in the United States, which according to a Navy spokesman are "somewhat smaller" than the Army's elite units, have been buying new equipment. The Air Force now has about 3,200 Special Forces troops and has ordered twenty-one MC-130 Combat Talon planes which can be used for their rapid deployment.

§ To insure better coordination, the Army set up the First Special Operations Command in 1982, and the Air Force set up a similar command, the Twenty-third Air Force, last year.

§ The Pentagon has been sending Special Forces to Honduras, El Salvador and Costa Rica. In Honduras 100 to 150 men, most located at Puerto Castilla, have been running the regional military training center at which 4,191 elite troops from El Salvador and 2,180 from Honduras have been trained. About forty members of the Special Forces are assigned to El Salvador and about six to Costa Rica. A battalion unit with 250 of them is based nearby in Panama. And the Army's 250-member Intelligence Support Activity, formed in 1980 to combat terrorism, is also reportedly operating in Central America under an expanded mandate.

The Special Forces were conceived in the early 1960s by a group of Pentagon advisers working closely with President Kennedy. Part of a "flexible response" strategy to deal with guerrilla and other unconventional warfare in Third World countries, they were designed as highly mobile, small units, capable of crossing enemy lines and conducting a range of operations that would include assassinations, hit-and-run missions, sabotage and psychological warfare. In 1962 Kennedy created the Special Group for Counterinsurgency to coordinate the development of the Special Forces; Vietnam became the prime laboratory for testing the units, which early on were dedicated mostly to teaching Third World military elites the tricks of the trade. Funding for the

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Special Forces declined after the war, but now it is being substantially increased. The budget for fiscal 1985, currently in a Senate-House conference committee, provides $500 million for the program.

Within the Pentagon, one of the strongest advocates of expanded covert activities has been Fred C. Iklé, Under Secretary of Defense for Policy. Iklé, who worked previously at the Rand Corporation and in Nixon's Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, is the Defense Department's number-three man. His office has been dubbed "the little State Department" because it deals with a host of political and military matters such as the Western alliance, nuclear proliferation, space, and intelligence collection and analysis. But given the individuals Iklé has surrounded himself with and the overall thrust of their policies on intelligence and Central America, his office might well be called "the little C.I.A."

Iklé's main adviser and the Pentagon's top officer on Central America is Nestor Sanchez, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs. A thirty-year veteran of the C.I.A. who served in Guatemala, Colombia and Venezuela, Sanchez rose to be the agency's director for Latin American operations before he retired in 1980 and went to the Pentagon. The chief adviser on intelligence is Richard G. Stilwel, Deputy Under Secretary for Policy, who served in the Army in Korea and Vietnam, reaching the rank of four-star general while working for the C.I.A. on special projects. In 1981, Stilwel played a key role in boosting the Army's Intelligence Support Activity. He reflects the mindset of the Pentagon when he says, "We should be prepared for a range of contingencies today. The Special Forces are particularly adapted to deal with lower-level threats to national security." He adds, "The I.S.A. could work with the Special Forces in some instances."

Iklé admits that "this Administration has taken initiatives across the board, including covert action," but disputes the idea that the Pentagon and the C.I.A. have become much closer during his tenure. "There's been very good cooperation since the start," he says. "We may have made it more efficient, as people have become more practiced."

Despite Iklé's disclaimers, his contribution to the renewed Pentagon-C.I.A. spirit of camaraderie has been sizable, according to some of his old friends and Defense colleagues. "Iklé has improved the relationship between the C.I.A. and Defense," says John Deutsch, the dean of science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has known Iklé for twenty years. Richard C. Lawrence, who worked as Sanchez's policy manager for Central America from the fall of 1982 to the fall of 1983 and remains a consultant to Iklé on some policy matters, goes much further. "It's my understanding that Iklé and Sanchez both supported more covert activities. We gave the agency pretty much anything they wanted," Lawrence recalls. "In war they're a fourth branch of the service. There is a terrible gray area about what to do in semideclared wars. It helps to have the D.O.D. and C.I.A. working together in this situation."

Lawrence's remarks reinforce some of the details contained in a classified report recently prepared for Congress by the General Accounting Office. The study indicates that the Defense Department and the C.I.A. have collaborated substantially in Central America. It reports, for example, that bases built in Honduras by the Pentagon, such as the one at Aguacate, are being used by the C.I.A. to support the *contras* against the Nicaraguan government. In addition, two multimillion-dollar radar installations the D.O.D. built in Honduras are being run by the C.I.A., along with Honduran and Salvadoran military officials, as part of the arms interdiction program. According to the G.A.O., the bases should be paid for out of security assistance programs, which require Congressional approval; instead, funding has come from Pentagon operations and maintenance accounts, a practice the G.A.O. calls "improper" if the expenditures exceed $200,000—as these have.

The Pentagon has also supplied the C.I.A. with planes, ships, ammunition and guns at low cost. That amounts to a Defense subsidy for the C.I.A. But more creative accounting is going on. That is obvious from the way the C.I.A. has responded to Congressional restrictions limiting its budget for *contra* support this year to $24 million. In April,

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the C.I.A. informed Congress that its funds would last only another month; shortly afterward it declared that it might be able to continue covert actions until October. The disparate statements have raised Congressional concern that the agency is using the Pentagon as a covert conduit for money and supplies to sustain and even expand its war against Nicaragua.

The growth of the Special Forces and the ways in which the Defense Department and the C.I.A. are cooperating raise a host of issues that Congress is beginning to find troubling. Congress is supposed to be informed of intelligence activities under the terms of the Intelligence Oversight Act of 1980; for many in the Capitol these new joint programs seem to evade that review. Senator Jim Sasser of Tennessee notes that two Polaris submarines, the Sam Houston and the John Marshall, are being outfitted and expanded to carry Seal commandos. "There's a real danger that these Special Forces could be used by C.I.A. programs and thus skirt Congressional review," he says. The construction of facilities like Aguacate also worries Sasser. "After a cursory use by D.O.D., they're being heavily used by the C.I.A.," he says. "There's a strong case to be made that D.O.D. and the C.I.A. were collaborating in the construction and location of these facilities." The end result of such joint programs, in Sasser's estimation, is that the C.I.A. "may be exceeding its budget by 25 percent," though he cautions that this is a ballpark figure. If that is true, it means the C.I.A. is $6 million rather than $1 million over its authorized budget of $24 million, as the House Intelligence Committee recently charged.

The C.I.A. and the Pentagon have cited the Economy Act of 1920 to justify the transfers of equipment and services. The law allows any department of government that has a surplus of materials to sell them to another at cost and to be reimbursed within the same year, according to Richard Cambosos, a lawyer with the G.A.O. who deals with appropriations. "The Economy Act," he explains, "by requiring reimbursement, is designed to prevent one agency from augmenting its appropriations at the expense of another." Under the act, which has been amended several times, personnel from one agency may be loaned to another for specific periods of time. Equipment, too, may be loaned under the act, but Cambosos stresses that it must be returned in reasonable condition or paid for at full cost. Over the years, he says, various agencies have tried to skirt that provision.

The Pentagon takes a considerably different view of the Economy Act. In a letter responding to queries from the G.A.O., William H. Taft, as general counsel at the Defense Department (since promoted to Deputy Secretary), wrote that the Economy Act usually requires that costs be reimbursed, but "under specific circumstances the Department, in determining charges for its services within the authority of the Economy Act or other statutory authority, may exercise its discretion not to seek payment for those services it would usually have sought payment for." Others in the Pentagon interpret the act even more loosely. "The cost is very flexible when you're talking about the kind of things that come under the Economy Act," says Kenton Hancock, the auditor general of the Navy. "It depends on the particular item. If we're phasing out our inventory, we sometimes give it away."

James Saylor, the D.O.D.'s director of financial accounting, echoes that view. "There is wide latitude," he notes. "The act is rather general about what type of billing is required. It says that one government department should work with another to set fees." Saylor agrees with Hancock that "you can give materials and services away under the act."

To some former Pentagon and C.I.A. officials, that interpretation of the law sounds eerily familiar. Fletcher Prouty, former Air Force Chief of Special Operations and author of *The Secret Team*, says that from 1955 to 1960 he ran an operation with 2,500 employees that was responsible for providing "support" to agency activities around the world. In Indonesia in 1958, according to Prouty, the Air Force loaned hundreds of planes to the C.I.A., including B-26s, P-51s and C-46 transports. Indonesia, he says, was a dry run for the Bay of Pigs invasion three years later, which used many of the same types of planes. Those Pentagon activities "often came under the rubric of military support," says Prouty. "We completely concealed those operations. We always had deniability. It sounds like they're doing the same thing today."

Ray Cline, former Deputy Director of Central Intelligence, has a sense of *déjà vu* about the revival of secret military units. "Lansdale was very big on organizing irregular forces," says Cline. They were "sort of loaned to the C.I.A.," he says, adding, "It's like what's going on in El Salvador. We're training them in counterinsurgency like we did under Kennedy."

One reason covert activities and Special Forces have become an increasingly important part of Central America policy is that Fred Iklé has filled the policy-making vacuum that developed last year when Thomas Enders was removed from the State Department's Bureau of Inter-American Affairs for favoring negotiations in the region. Iklé has become a point man, enunciating policy before it becomes official. During a trip to Central America last fall, for instance, he prodded Costa Rica to take a less neutral position toward the Sandinista government and urged that U.S. military engineers be sent in to expand some bases and help with road construction. Since Iklé's visit, Gen. Paul Gorman, Chief of Southern Command, and U.S. Ambassador to Costa Rica Curtin Winsor have been pushing similar lines. According to the Pentagon, discussions are under way for small-scale military exercises in Costa Rica this summer, and a Congressional source notes that a number of military mobile units (Special Forces) have been there recently.

Richard Lawrence, who headed military intelligence in Panama from 1979 to 1982 before becoming Nestor Sanchez's chief deputy for Central America, attests to Iklé's special affinity for the C.I.A. Lawrence recounts that while in Panama he felt hampered by a lack of contact with the agency and brought up the matter with Iklé. Shortly there-

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after, a C.I.A. man was transferred to a suite adjoining Lawrence's office to serve as his liaison. Lawrence and others note that Iklé played a key role, along with then-Deputy Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci, in bringing Sanchez to the Pentagon. Lawrence remembers Iklé and Sanchez working basically as "a team," and he credits Iklé with keeping Sanchez on the job "despite some criticism of his C.I.A. background."

In 1983, at least, some of the coordination between the Defense Department and the C.I.A. was handled at inter-agency meetings, according to Lawrence. One important nexus was the Watch committee, which was chaired by Constantine Menges from 1981 to 1983, when he was the C.I.A.'s national intelligence officer for Latin America. (Menges left the C.I.A. in the fall of 1983 and joined the National Security Council, where he is senior director for Latin America.) Lawrence attended Watch meetings regularly, often on behalf of Sanchez. The committee dealt with a broad range of intelligence issues. "It looked at the whole health of the region," says Lawrence. "It looked at elections and at military questions and potential coups." A key participant at those meetings was Duane (Dewey) Claridge, who took over Sanchez's job as the C.I.A.'s director for Latin American operations.

Yet despite such continual contact, the intelligence that policy-makers in Washington receive is often unreliable. "The realities are that damn few people know the region," says Lawrence. He lists Sanchez as one of them, noting that his intimate knowledge of the region and fluency in Spanish give him a special rapport with local leaders. But even Sanchez was stunned when Gen. Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, the chief of the Honduran armed forces and a friend of Sanchez's, was ousted earlier this year.

Detailed knowledge of Central America is lacking elsewhere. Ed King, an Army colonel who once served on the Inter-American Defense Board, a multilateral military organization, says, "I know what I don't know, but these guys don't. You need experience and instinct. Sanchez sees things in depth but he sees things in a very anticommunist light, and Iklé doesn't have the experience. Compared to people we've had in the past, they don't have the background."

Lawrence and King say that in most cases recommendations for Central America policy are initiated by General Gorman and usually approved by Iklé and Sanchez. When they need advice on intelligence matters they turn to Richard Stilwel, whose job description includes responsibility for counterintelligence, emergency planning, security policy matters, and command, control and communications.

To understand current Central America policy, it is useful to know that while sitting on a special White House committee in 1959, Stilwel wrote a long paper titled "Training Under the Mutual Security Program" in which he presaged the Special Forces concept. Expressing a special debt to Lansdale, Stilwel outlined a program for the U.S. military to educate and guide the political development of Third World military elites through overt and covert action. In a section, "Strengthening of Internal Security," Stilwel wrote:

> If the military is properly led, indoctrinated and motivated, the activities open to it are numerous. In certain instances, a key requirement may be direct military action against armed dissidents; consequently, appropriate elements of the army should be equipped and trained for unorthodox warfare. . . . Where direct military assistance to community projects is feasible—on the model of noteworthy "civic actions" in the Philippines, Vietnam and Laos—the army can demonstrably advance economic and social objectives.

More broadly he wrote: "Notwithstanding the intensity of the struggle for the allegiance of the 'middle billion,' influence on the thought, habits and attitudes of these peoples, and on the institutions that bind them together, has been left to chance." In Stilwel's sweeping vision, the Special Forces would change all that.

The spirit expressed in his seminal document, the spirit of the Quiet American, is plainly alive and thriving in the Pentagon and the C.I.A. The programs Stilwel wrote about a quarter-century ago have been modified with high-tech gadgetry and are being put into practice in Central America and elsewhere. As Fred Iklé explained to *The Washington Post* recently, "The military as well as the civilian side in the administration recognize the importance of having a coherent strategy of first, if at all possible, avoiding the possibility of U.S. combat forces being involved . . . and second, should it be necessary, to make sure that an intervention should succeed."

As the Pentagon and the C.I.A. increase their well-choreographed clandestine involvement in Central America, they bring the United States, perhaps irrevocably, toward a wider war which will be very costly in human lives. History, of course, does not repeat itself exactly. But the Pentagon's revival of covert actions should be seen as a sequel to the tragedy that occurred in Vietnam, with some of the same people re-enacting their old roles. □

ARE LIBERALS SOFT ON COMMUNISM?

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Walter Mondale has said, *"I cannot understand it . . . it just baffles me . . . why the Soviets the last few years have behaved as they have."*

Gary Hart has said, *"Cuba is not totalitarian."*

Liberal Congressman **Ted Weiss** has said, *"There is no way of distinguishing what we are doing in Grenada and what the Soviets are doing in Afghanistan."*

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'BRAVE NEW AGRICULTURE'

In Search of the Perfect Tomato

CONSTANCE MATTHIESSEN AND HOWARD KOHN

A second green revolution is at hand. Laboratories are busily producing wonders that could dramatically boost food production: self-fertilizing corn, vegetables that require less water, bacteria that aerate the soil. Those and other developments are results of bioengineering, the science of splicing genes into the DNA of plants or animals to create particular desired traits. Although bioengineering holds the promise of more ecological harmony in our food system, the green revolution that it is ushering in is shaping up to be disquietingly similar to the first. Like its predecessor, it will probably rely on petrochemicals, mammoth machines and homogenous seeds, perhaps irreversibly damaging our ecosystem while bringing enormous profits to agribusiness.

Pressure for a new technological fix has been building because despite current problems of overproduction, the first green revolution, which began in the 1950s, is reaching a point of diminishing returns. Annual yields of most crops, which increased by an average of two bushels per acre then, are increasing by only a half-bushel today, and in some cases have leveled off. Between 1970 and 1980 annual crop yields actually declined by 10 percent in areas of California's once spectacularly productive San Joaquin Valley. And in the Sandhills of central Nebraska this summer, many cornfields are lying fallow because sharecroppers have refused to work the land. Recent yields, they explain, have lagged too far behind costs.

A number of studies suggest that American farming is at a crossroads and that bioengineering is the direction of the future. An advisory committee to the Department of Agriculture recommended last year that bioengineering receive the highest priority in government-sponsored agricultural research. For fiscal 1985 the U.S.D.A. has requested nearly $70 million for bioengineering research.

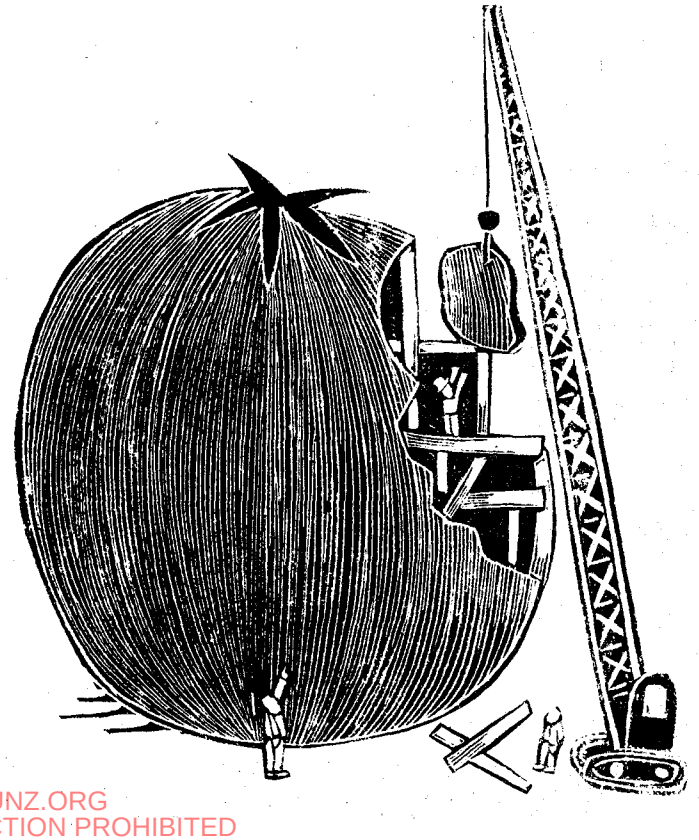
Private industry is spending even more. In the 1983-84 school year, agribusinesses gave universities an estimated $40 million for bioengineering research, a sum expected to increase as much as tenfold by 1990. In January, for instance, Standard Oil of Ohio (Sohio) donated $2 million for bioengineering research at the University of Illinois.

The agribusinesses have also stepped up their in-house research. Du Pont tripled its investment in bioengineering between 1980 and 1983; others, such as Upjohn, Allied Corporation, Ciba-Geigy, Dow, Monsanto, Rohm & Haas, Occidental, Continental Grain, Sohio, Eli Lilly, Stauffer Chemical and Arco, are making similar commitments. And in anticipation of genetic breakthroughs the giants have acquired more than eighty seed and plant science companies. "Multinational companies such as Monsanto, Ciba-Geigy and Arco now participate in what, until a few years ago, was an industry largely made up of family-owned businesses," reports a recent study by L. William Teweles & Company, an international agricultural consulting firm.

The potential profits are enormous. By the end of the century, sales from bioengineered farm products could amount to $100 billion, according to the Chicago-based Policy Research Corporation. "We are entering a new era," says Orville Bentley, former University of Illinois agriculture dean and the U.S.D.A.'s Assistant Secretary for Science and Education. "The potential is practically unlimited."

But potential for what? Given a choice between developing a crop that is resistant to insects and fungi (ecologically praiseworthy but not overly profitable) and a crop resistant to chemicals (ecologically destructive but highly profitable), the industry has chosen the latter. "Environmentally, it is desirable to develop pest-resistant plants because such plants would reduce the need for spraying crops with pesticide chemicals [herbicides and insecticides]," states a report issued this year by Congress's Office of Technology Assessment. "It should be kept in mind, however, that much of the agricultural research effort is being made by the agricultural chemical industry, and this industry may see the early opportunity of developing *pesticide*-resistant plants rather than undertaking the longer-term effort of developing *pest*-resistant plants." (Emphasis added.)

Ciba-Geigy, seeking that early opportunity, is funding the work of molecular biologists Lee McIntosh and Joseph Hirschberg at Michigan State University. The two research-



Constance Matthiessen and Howard Kohn are Washington correspondents for the Center for Investigative Reporting.

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ers have identified and isolated a gene that enables plants to survive heavy treatments of the herbicide atrazine. They hope to transfer the gene to soybeans, wheat and other crops so that farmers will be able to use the chemical on a wider basis. Currently atrazine is sprayed only on corn, which has a natural immunity. If McIntosh and Hirschberg succeed, Ciba-Geigy, which manufactures an atrazine herbicide named AAtrex, would reap substantial new sales—and profits.

At CalGene, a biotechnology firm in Davis, California, whose investors include Continental Grain and Allied Corporation, researchers have isolated a gene that is resistant to glyphosate, the main ingredient in the world's best-selling herbicide, Roundup. According to company president Roger Salquist, "CalGene expects to have tobacco and tomato plants containing the engineered glyphosate-resistant gene tested in the field by 1985 or 1986."

Meanwhile, Monsanto, which manufactures Roundup, is trying to develop its own glyphosate-resistant products. Du Pont's scientists are at work on genetically engineered crops that have a high tolerance for its new herbicides, Glean and Oust. And the Minneapolis-based Molecular Genetics, with support from American Cyanamid, is also trying to develop a strain of corn able to withstand potent herbicides.

"The same companies that brought us chemical farming are bringing us bioengineering," says Jack Doyle, an agriculture expert with the Environmental Policy Institute in Washington. "The first products to arrive from the labs will be plants that allow the companies to sell more chemicals." Doyle envisions a "brave new agriculture," with bioengineered crops that grow well only in combination with chemicals.

"Many major firms involved in agricultural chemicals have staked a claim in herbicide resistance," reports the Teweles study. "Some [hope to sell] the seed and chemical as a pair. Others see herbicide resistance as a way of regaining market share lost after a well-known herbicide has declined in price and popularity. Again, the old herbicide is sold in combination with a new seed resistant to it." Plans for marketing seed-herbicide packages are just beginning to be developed. "With the herbicide resistance feature, options for exploitation abound," says Teweles science consultant George H. Kidd. "We are just seeing the tip of the iceberg." John Kaiser, a Teweles senior consultant, predicts that annual sales of herbicide-resistant seeds could reach $2.1 billion by the year 2000.

The use of herbicides, which jumped from 98 million pounds a year nationwide in 1970 to 220 million pounds a year a decade later, carries risks. "It seems very probable that increased herbicide use will have long-range health and environmental effects," says David Pimentel, professor of insect ecology and agricultural finance at Cornell University.

Although herbicides are suspected of causing birth defects, nerve damage and cancer, many biogenetic researchers continue to work on projects that will lead to the increased use of chemicals. "I'm a molecular biologist, not an agriculture specialist," says Lee McIntosh. "Atrazine has been used for twenty to thirty years. I assume that if it has been used that long, it is safe." The Environmental Protection Agency, however, is monitoring atrazine use because of its extreme toxicity.

CalGene's Roger Salquist says the government's testing requirements are adequate. "You can't market a herbicide that hasn't gone through a battery of very comprehensive health and environmental tests," he says. He claims that Roundup, which will undoubtedly be used in much greater quantities if his firm's research project succeeds, has been given a clean bill of health. "The data on Roundup show that it is one of the safest herbicides ever made," he says.

Critics of the E.P.A.'s safety requirements point out, however, that Roundup has not been independently tested. As with many other herbicides, all the studies of it were financed by the company that makes it—Monsanto in this case. Because a majority of herbicides have not been fully tested, the critics contend, the long-term health effects of agricultural chemicals are still not known. Moreover, it can take as long as thirty years for health problems to surface—particularly in the case of carcinogens. National Cancer Institute studies have found high incidences of cancer in the rural populations of several Midwestern states. There is suspicion, though no evidence yet, that the high rates may result from exposure to farm chemicals.

The effects of herbicide use on the ecosystem are not completely known yet either. Thousands of drinking-water wells contaminated by chemicals have been closed in New York, Florida, California, Hawaii and several Midwestern states. There is a growing body of scientific opinion that herbicides disrupt microscopic organisms that keep the soil porous, and research cited by the Rodale Research Center in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, suggest that herbicides make

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plants more susceptible to attacks by insects and fungi. That, in turn, forces farmers to apply heavier doses of chemicals. Pimentel and other scientists are concerned that the increased use of herbicides as part of a second green revolution will lead to a corresponding increase in the use of insecticides, which are considered even more hazardous.

"In this day and age, to build agriculture on yet more chemicals is a disaster," says Tufts University Professor Sheldon Krimsky, who heads the International Network on the Social Impact of Biotechnology. "It is as if people are just looking the past in the face and saying, 'It doesn't matter. Polluted water doesn't matter. Potential health problems don't matter.' It's insane."

The basic premise of the first green revolution, to hot-wire the farm system for bigger and faster results, is also the operating philosophy of the bioengineers. Dow Chemical researchers are working on a strain of crops that could more efficiently convert the sun's energy into food. At the Madison, Wisconsin, lab of the Cetus Madison Company, a pioneer in gene-splicing, research director Winston Brill is trying to breed corn and cereal grains that can take the nitrogen they need from the air instead of from fertilizer. Standard Oil of California, Standard Oil of Indiana and National Distillers and Chemical Corporation all have equity interests in Cetus.

Because a crop that can take nitrogen from the air is so desirable, the first company to develop one will almost certainly have the corner on a huge market, thereby exacerbating the trend toward monoculture—that is, continually planting the same crop on the same fields. Geneticist Wes Jackson, founder of the Kansas-based Land Institute, has concluded that the practice overtaxes the soil, furthering erosion. "There are two ways to erode the soil," he says, "either directly by wind and water, or by depletion through monoculture."

In general, the slackening in farm production rates is due to the condition of the soil, which has been degraded by erosion and intense chemical farming. "Soil is a finite resource, and it is being used up," explains Ron Kroese, director of the Land Stewardship Project in St. Paul. "We could be approaching a day when, no matter what technological fix we invent, our soil will be virtually useless."

Richard Harwood, director of the Rodale Research Center, is campaigning for bioengineers to find products that can help solve some of the ecological problems created by current farming practices. "Let's work on plants that use less water or on bacteria that help loosen up the soil," he says. "If we're going to have a revolution in agriculture, let's turn it into something that's good for our grandchildren as well as for ourselves."

At present, though, the emphasis is on searching for products like the perfect tomato—perfect, that is, for mechanical harvesting and long shipment periods. Campbell's Soup, which is funding such a research project at Ohio State University through a subcontractor named DNA Plant Technology, and the H.J. Heinz Company, which is underwriting similar research at Arco laboratories, both want a tomato with compact foliage, a squarish shape, firm skin, plenty of pulp and a uniform ripening time (for a once-over harvest). It matters little that the tomato tastes like wet cardboard. Heinz president Anthony J.F. O'Reilly has admitted, "I won't say [taste] is well down the list of priorities, but it is not a primary specification."

Seeds of the "perfect" tomato are expected to cost twice what tomato seeds sell for today. So far that seems to be the essential goal of most of the bioengineering research. Under the dominance of agribusiness, what is being spliced into the crops of the future is a larger share of the market. □

NAMING NAMERS

A Reunion To Remember

ROBERT E. TREUHAFT

Unlikely as it may be as the venue for the eruption of controversy over naming names, the fiftieth reunion of my Harvard College class was enlivened by just such an event.

As background: Harvard's twenty-fifth and fiftieth anniversary reunions are heavily promoted gatherings, the fund-raisers having calculated that maximum earning capacity is achieved in the twenty-fifth postgraduate year. By the time the fiftieth rolls around, the realization that you can't take it with you becomes operative—to the rousing tune of $6 million in the case of my class, contributed by the 600 survivors of the 1,000 who entered as freshmen in 1930.

The class report, a hard-bound volume of autobiographical notes and comment (591 pages in ours this year), is the traditionally prized souvenir of those reunions. Sometimes silly, often moving, on occasion disarmingly frank, the sketches make compulsive reading.

The source of this year's controversy, which caused perturbation among some of the celebrants who gathered in Cambridge in June, was contained in a portion of my entry in the class report:

> On a visit to Kings College, Cambridge, with my wife in 1964, I was asked whether there was anyone special I would like to ask to a party that was being given for us. I named without hesitation a Harvard classmate I had never met, indeed had never heard of until I read his fascinating mini-bio in the 25th Anniversary Class Report [1959].
>
> Richard Murphey Goodwin, then a Peterhouse College [Cambridge] fellow in economics, had since 1951 been living in England as an expatriate. His academic career had, up to a certain point, uncannily paralleled that of classmate Danny Boorstin, as traced in their respective Class Reports. Both had graduated summa cum laude and had as Rhodes scholars taken graduate degrees at Oxford; both had become Communist Party members, first at Oxford, and later back at Harvard. Here all similarity ends.

Robert E. Treuhaft, a California lawyer, represented several clients before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

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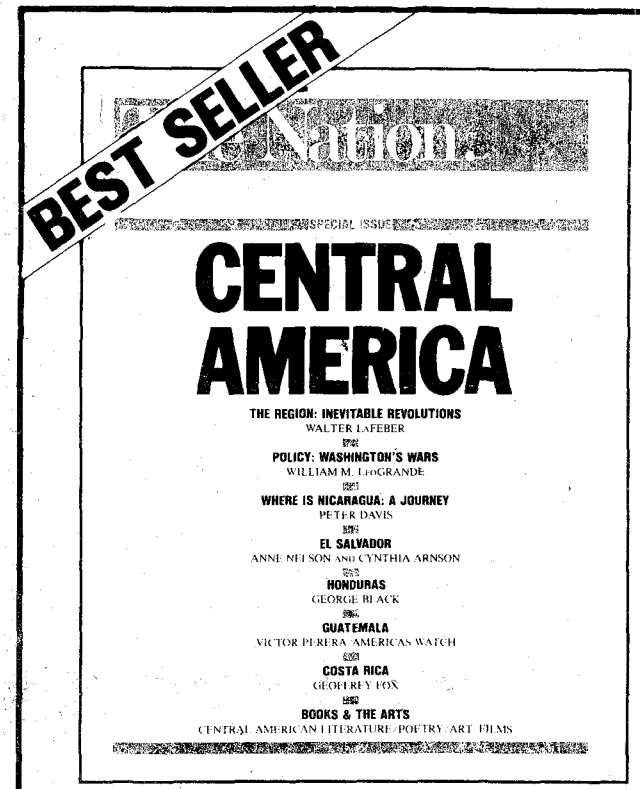

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Goodwin, a still unrepentant Marxist and thus academically unemployable in the McCarthy-Truman era, accepted employment at Peterhouse in 1951. I was intrigued by his parenthetical comment that "unintentionally, I thus escaped a public manhandling by a political blackguard" (1959 Class Report). What could he have meant?

Thus bemused, I recalled that in 1953 HUAC had staged hearings on communist subversion in education in which Harvard's Prof. Wendell Furry had drawn the wrath of the Committee by forthrightly denouncing its methods and aims. Had other academics comported themselves with less distinction?

I consulted the official transcript, portentously titled "Communist Methods of Infiltration: Education" and found that there were indeed three former Communists who had "cleared" themselves for continued academic employment by testifying as "friendly" witnesses, performing the prescribed ritual of public repentance, repudiation of Marxism, praise for the work of the Committee and, most essential, naming names. One such was Daniel J. Boorstin, then Professor of History at the University of Chicago. His testimony is preserved in Eric Bentley's excellent compendium, *Thirty Years of Treason* (Viking, 1971):

MR. TAVENNER (Committee Counsel): Were these former associates of yours at Oxford members of the Communist Party?

MR. BOORSTIN: Yes, sir.

MR. T: What were their names?

MR. B: Richard B. Schlatter and Richard M. Goodwin.

MR. T: How closely were you associated with these two persons at Oxford?

MR. B: They were my roommates during my last year at Oxford.

After agreeing with the Committee that Communists should be barred from teaching, and assuring its members that the Committee represented no threat to academic freedom, the future Librarian of Congress was dismissed with thanks and urged to return to Chicago "to convince the students . . . that the Soviet government is out to destroy our form of government."

So much for roommates.

My wife and I had approached the four-day reunion with a certain amount of dread. Would we know anyone there? Living in California, I had maintained contact—tenuous at best—with only three or four classmates. As I peered at the 300 who were in attendance, I was able to remember only a handful more—even with the help of the suitably huge and ever-present name badges. But from the first day, as we were bused about en masse to be fed, boozed and otherwise entertained, we found that my class report reference to Boorstin's HUAC testimony had stirred up some strong feelings. The spectrum of reactions ranged from that of reunion chairman Abram Collier, who called it "ill-advised, inappropriate," to that of former *New York Times* reporter Alden Whitman, who noted, "I read it with the greatest gratification and pleasure."

Some who saw nothing wrong with HUAC were nonetheless deeply troubled: "I can't accept naming names to further your own career," said one who is listed in the class report as "Executive and Chairman, Finance, Investment Trust, Chemical and Farm companies." Another, a retired

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philosophy professor of some renown, took me aside, almost furtively: "I knew Boorstin well but never knew he'd gone that far. This is great! It will go down in the annals." Another, less pleased, admonished, "A reunion is no place to rake up old coals." But what else are reunions for? William Morris, co-editor with his wife, Mary, of the American Heritage Dictionary, had a more optimistic view: "You may be doing Boorstin a great favor. When Reagan hears about this he'll award him a Medal of Honor."

The reaction that most interested me, however, was that of Boorstin's erstwhile roommate. I had sent Goodwin a draft of my entry, asking if its inclusion would displease him. He replied:

> Far from being annoyed I was delighted to be included. . . . I was much entertained to read again Dan Boorstin's testimony. He was always a reluctant convert to the CP (in fact no convert—he became aware that Schlatter and I were "in" and felt "left out" and asked to join!!).
>
> Though you may find it hard to believe, he was a charming, attractive fellow—rather insecure and unstable—but the more lovable for both things—and I was very attracted to him. . . . What I was *really* angry about was that he gave my name to the FBI and never told me. So that, for sometime, I was on the "suspect list" without knowing it, and all because of the kind attention of a close friend.

And what of Boorstin himself? The reunion call, carrying his photograph, billed as a symposium participant "Dan Boorstin, Librarian of Congress, who has been and done many other exalted things." That feature of the reunion was, however, canceled without explanation, and he absented himself entirely from the gathering. □

Banking

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

main even if Continental is merged. The rescue marks the beginning, not the end, of a dangerous period of financial instability in the United States. In fact, the government's desperate actions suggest the outline of the next banking crisis.

That crisis will emerge from the international financial instability which contributed to the near-failure of Continental. In recent months, there has been a sharply destabilizing hike in U.S. interest rates. Both short- and long-term rates have risen by about 2 percentage points. That phenomenon reflects not only the budget deficit but also a huge increase in business borrowing and mergers, as well as reduced foreign purchases of American securities. Only the Fed's pump-priming to provide Continental with sufficient liquid funds has kept rates from going even higher. Incidentally, the week the run on Continental began, major government-securities dealers suffered huge losses on declining bond portfolios. If the Fed had not intervened to save Continental, one of them might have gone under.

Michael Moffitt, a New York investment adviser, is the author of The World's Money *(Simon & Schuster).*

The rise in interest rates does not yet threaten the recovery, which is fueled in part by the increasing use of adjustable-rate loans (for mortgages and other purposes) with low initial payments. Domestically, the pain of higher rates will not be felt for another year or so, when the loans will be adjusted upward. The resulting defaults will reduce bank lending, reinforcing the slowdown that will be under way by then.

Higher interest rates have already begun to affect negotiations regarding the Third World's mammoth foreign debt. Each full point increase adds billions of dollars to annual debt payments there. In Latin America, where the debt problem is concentrated, debtors are getting the worst of the U.S. recovery (rising interest rates), without the benefit (booming exports). A recent proposal by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to place a limit on Third World interest payments confirms that rates are headed for what Henry Kaufman of Salomon Brothers has called "spectacularly higher" levels. The Fed wants to push rates higher but is afraid to do so until a Third World cap is in place. Meanwhile, the large banks have been struggling to help Third World countries delay interest payments no more than ninety days so as to avoid placing many loans in the "nonperforming" category—loans on which interest is not being collected. The banks have traditionally classified only 5 percent of their Latin American loans as nonperforming, although the anticipated Argentine default and the Fed's June 16 directive that banks classify their loans to Argentina as nonperforming will raise that amount.

In the past, the banks have relied on the International Monetary Fund to squeeze interest payments out of debtor countries. Yet as evidenced by riots in the Dominican Republic and political upheaval in Argentina, Chile and Brazil, the ability of governments to impose austerity is limited. Argentina may well set the precedent that a country can defy the banks and the I.M.F. and still survive. A major food and energy producer, Argentina can always sell to the Soviet bloc if the West tries to squeeze the government of Raúl Alfonsín too hard.

By next year, therefore, we face an explosion in interest rates, a de facto Third World default and repeated testing of both the liquidity and solvency of major U.S. financial institutions. Some of those problems could be minimized by economic policy changes, such as capping Third World interest payments, but most are inherent in the system. The central problem is lopsided global economic expansion. So far, the recovery has been confined largely to the United States, Japan and a few other Asian exporters. Europe, despite the trading advantages of its undervalued currencies, has not participated in the export boom created by the U.S. trade deficit. Virtually all Third World countries are still staggering from the last worldwide recession and the effects of I.M.F. stabilization programs. Mexico is a case in point. This year, the second full year of the U.S. recovery, Mexico is expected to register a 1 percent increase in its gross national product. From 1978 to 1981, its G.N.P. grew by 8.4 percent annually. By the time Mexico overcomes the consequences of I.M.F.-imposed austerity, markets for its

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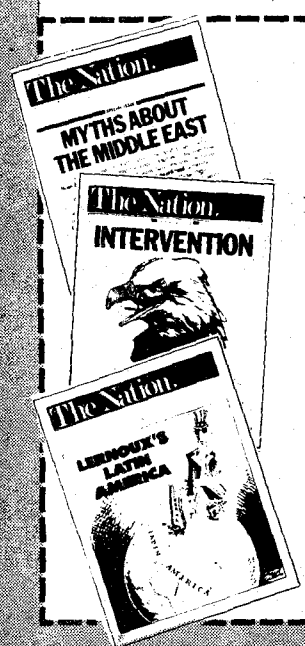

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products will be shrinking because of weaker growth in the United States. The party will be over before the Mexicans arrive.

Permanently high interest rates in the United States pose another threat to the financial system. The causes are many and complex, involving far more than the U.S. budget deficit, but most important have been the Federal Reserve's tight monetary policy, adopted in 1979, and deregulation. It is true that when faced with a virtual collapse of the financial system, Paul Volcker has eased monetary policy to avoid a catastrophe. Nonetheless, for the past few years that policy has been tighter for a longer period than at any time since the early 1960s. The U.S. economy was barely six months into its expansion last summer when the Fed tightened policy to avoid "overheating" the economy. That seemed like a strange move when the inflation rate was low and stable. But perhaps it was not so strange considering inflation is the greatest evil for the financial markets, which view a strong economy as a bad thing. As a number of observers have pointed out, Wall Street's bond gods refuse to finance a large government deficit and a strong recovery. In 1983 rates were stable because foreign investors bought huge amounts of U.S. securities. That trend has slowed and we are witnessing the long-awaited clash between government and corporate credit demands. Even if the Fed does nothing, there are no longer any institutional obstacles to virtually unlimited increases in interest rates. This may bankrupt the Third World even before it stalls the U.S. recovery.

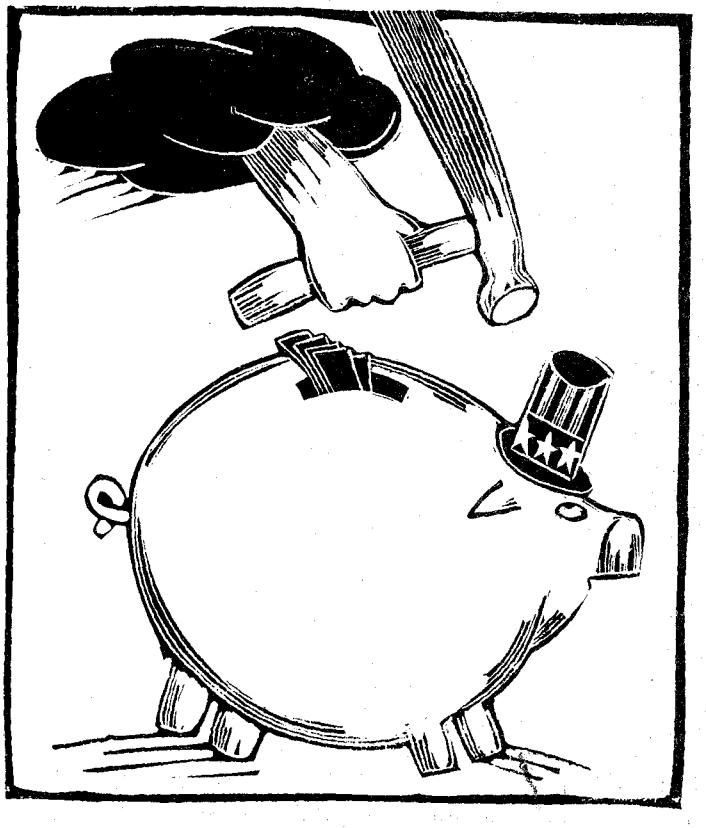
The uneven world recovery and high interest rates put the banks in a bind. If they curtail lending to the debtor countries now, shortages of funds in the Third World will cause immediate defaults. Interest payments are already larger than new bank loans in most countries. Alternatively, if the banks continue to lend, the debt problem will be that much worse down the road because countries will simply not be able to work off the debt.

At some point it will be impossible for the banks to argue credibly that they can collect their huge Third World loans. The only issue is when that point will come and which banks will suffer the most. The Fed has been straining to help the banks cover up bad loans to simplify its own job. If the banks get in trouble, the Fed—as the lender of last resort—will have to pump enormous amounts of money into the economy, abandoning the fight against inflation. Moreover, if losses force the banks to stop lending abroad, the world economy will be deprived of a principal source of funds.

The bankers argue that forcing them to write off bad loans would create needless concern about their solvency. They have been content to minimize the nature and scope of the predicament in hopes that the world recovery will help debtor countries outgrow their problems. But that recovery is not enough, because as the U.S. economy slows down, the trade deficit will shrink, worsening stagnation abroad. Postponing the day of reckoning by misleading investors, depositors and others about the condition of the banks means that the crisis will be bigger and more destabilizing when it comes. When banks are finally forced to write off bad loans as uncollectible, the public will react negatively because the banks and government have misled them about the problem. To keep panic from infecting all the major banks, the government will be forced to step in with a rescue program many times the size of the one that saved Continental. Eventually that will probably require enlarging the F.D.I.C., hence its ability to cope with potential failures.

Speeding us toward the disaster are rising interest rates. As inflation begins to rise again, it is hard to see how rates can head anywhere but up. Higher rates threaten to bankrupt the Third World and take the U.S. banking system with it. Tumbling bond prices endanger the banks directly through the bonds they own and indirectly through their loans to bond dealers. At some point, the chaos will prompt foreign investors to dump the dollar and their U.S. government securities holdings, forcing the Fed to defend both markets with—you guessed it—higher interest rates.

Until now the banks have been getting the best of both worlds. The Fed, Treasury and I.M.F. bail them out of some difficulties while helping them conceal the rest. But as the government becomes more deeply involved in salvaging the banking system, pressure to exercise greater regulation will undoubtedly build in Congress and from various interest groups on both the left and the right. A good place to start might be to reconsider the wisdom of deregulating domestic financial markets and expanding the powers of commercial banks. The banks have had complete freedom to operate internationally and have botched it badly. They have yet to demonstrate why things would be any different domestically. At the very least, the current troubles of the banking system confirm that when economic affairs are turned over wholly to the free market, things do not always work out for the best. □



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ROBERT SHERRILL

EXILE: The Unquiet Oblivion of Richard M. Nixon. *By Robert Sam Anson. Simon & Schuster. 360 pp. $17.95.*

As the title suggests, this is the life of Richard Nixon since his departure from Washington one jump ahead of the sheriff. Robert Sam Anson has produced the kind of post-crime biography one might expect from a former *Time* writer: neat, detailed, fast-paced and largely uncritical.

One reads along with an increasing awareness of the soundness of Hannah Arendt's phrase "the banality of evil." The old villain indulges in such petty meannesses: cheating at golf, ranting privately at the "Jewish press" and making silly remarks about the illiteracy of Italian-Americans, trading off-color jokes with his manservant about women he has known. There is so much of this that one recalls, with wonder, the advertisement that lists Richard Nixon among "the most interesting people" *The New York Times Book Review* presents each week. Indeed? The Nixon one encounters in Anson's book—and the Nixon quoted in Anson's extracts from his books—is often not interesting but so excruciatingly trite that he begins to seem a kind of walking right-wing cliché.

To be sure, Anson does remind us on page 37 that Nixon's crimes were so manifold that had justice been done, he would have been kicked out of office *and* sentenced to thirty years behind bars. Despite this passing reminder, the overwhelming banality and foolish melodrama packed into these pages makes one forget—which is certainly a serious weakness in the book—that Anson is dealing not only with one of history's master political outlaws but with a war criminal as well.

Anson should have given us a prelude with a recapitulation of Nixon's crimes to show that the cover-up of the Watergate buggings and break-ins was only the last in a series of cover-ups; that behind Watergate was the cover-up of the lawless destruction of an entire nation, Cambodia. In his disregard for life, law and international honor, and in his loathing of certain ethnic groups, Nixon was our Hitler, and Anson needs to remind us of that emphatically at the very beginning so that we can react properly to the way in which our establishment is shown protecting him from punishment, caring for him in imperial style in his exile and welcoming him back at the first opportunity.

Especially embarrassing in this regard is the manner in which "the cream of the media moguls," as Anson calls them—such men as Punch Sulzberger, publisher of *The New York Times*, Henry Grunwald, editor in chief of Time Inc., Michael O'Neill, former editor of the *New York Daily News*, Roone Arledge, president of ABC News, and worn-out prima donnas such as David Brinkley—have returned to Nixon's retinue, feasting with him at stag dinners, fawning over him as a venerable guru of foreign policy.

The President who promised to end the war in Vietnam and then sent more than 16,000 American soldiers to their death is now featured in *The Times* giving advice on how to run the world. *The Washington Post*'s David Broder, who shortly after Nixon resigned wrote of the "utter shamelessness of the man—his willingness to exploit and corrupt every institution and relationship of which he has ever been a part," promised never to mention Nixon's name again in print, but he has joined those who slaver over him as an "elder statesman." The same can be said of Hugh Sidey, who shortly after Nixon stepped down predicted that he had "chartered himself a course straight into the sloughs of history"; today, Anson tells us, Sidey is "eagerly supping at his table and proclaiming him 'a strategic genius.'" And *The Washington Post*'s in-house windbag, Haynes Johnson, hails the "repatriation" of Nixon and the "poignancy" of seeing him find his "way back from Elba," and writes pityingly of Nixon's banishment: "God knows what hurts he must hold inside." Vomit.

Even some of the supposed liberal standardbearers have taken up the fad of seeing Nixon as a born-again statesman. Nixon sent George McGovern a copy of his trashy book *Leaders*. Ah, now there was a statesmanlike production. Anson gives a good summation of it: "Apart from such tidbits as the brand of Brezhnev's masseuse's perfume (Arpège) and a colloquy with Khrushchev over which smelled worse, pig or horse manure, Nixon's portraits of various postwar figures revealed little about them that was not already known." Nevertheless, McGovern practically peed in his pants at the thrill of being remembered with a freebie from the old devil who had demolished him, partly by fraud, in the 1972 election. McGovern responded with a thank-you note, to wit: "History will remember you as one of the great peacemakers of the twentieth century."

Let's face it: the establishment in America is basically crooked, and when one of their own, no matter how repulsive he may be, is caught in a monstrously crooked series of acts, his peers do everything they can to get him off. Anson does us a favor in telling of the highly suspicious manner in which Gerald Ford and Alexander Haig "talked" about pardoning Nixon after Ford became President. A negotiated bribe? If it was, then according to Federal law both Haig and Ford should have gone to the pen. Anson says White House aides Robert Hartmann and Bryce Harlow were appalled by what seemed to be Haig's offer of a deal for the pardon and only slightly less dismayed by Ford's passive reaction to it. Hartmann felt that Ford should have "taken Haig by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants and thrown him the hell out of his office" and then "called an immediate press conference and told the world why." Why didn't he? Because Ford has no more integrity than Nixon. He is a certified liar. As Anson reminds us, Ford told the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Justice that "at no time after I became President" did he discuss the pardon of Nixon with anyone representing Nixon. But according to Anson, Ford discussed the pardon with Haig the day of his first press conference. How come Ford wasn't indicted for perjury?

It's the old establishment hang-up. That's why Leon Jaworski, a pillar of the establishment, acted as he did. The District of Columbia grand jury wanted

---

Robert Sherrill's latest book is The Oil Follies of 1970-1980: How the Petroleum Industry Stole the Show (And Much More Besides), *published by Doubleday.*

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to indict Nixon, but Jaworski threw a temper tantrum and made the grand jury back off. Then Jaworski's own staff virtually demanded that Nixon be indicted on a variety of charges, but Jaworski still hung back. And finally he gave up the fight entirely.

If there are any heroes in this melancholy history/biography, they are ordinary Americans, a majority of whom clamored for Nixon's prosecution and who still feel that justice was not done. Specifically, there is the teen-ager who, driving alongside Nixon's car, gave the former President the finger; the young people who, after Ford had given the pardon, greeted him with so many obscenities that they forced him "to make his way to public appearances through basements and rear entrances"; and the Los Angeles municipal judge whose reaction to the pardon was to release a Vietnam vet who had held three hostages at rifle point during a "combat flashback." "If a man who almost wrecked the country can be pardoned," the judge explained, "this defendant can be released to get proper treatment."

On the other hand, there are all sorts of scoundrels and weirdos wandering around these pages. In the latter category, Rose Mary Woods, Nixon's longtime secretary, surely holds a hallowed spot. She stayed behind at the White House after Nixon's departure and "converted his former office into a kind of shrine. For six months she kept his half-smoked cigar in his ashtray, his glasses on his desk and his waste basket half-filled, everything preserved, just as he had left them." One of the nastier characters is White House flunky William Gulley, who helped pirate 400,000 pounds of Presidential papers to San Clemente, where they were burned and shredded.

Let us not forget that Nixon has never repented. Anson lists the many interviews in which he was pressured to do so but didn't. Nor has Nixon modified his hatred for those, especially liberals, who oppose lawless presidents. To him they are still "little bastards," "trash," "sanctimonious frauds," "people who couldn't butter a piece of toast." He is still the criminal at heart that he once was in deed, regretting only that he hadn't been allowed to stay in power long enough to destroy the government and reshape it along his preferred lines: "By God, we would have changed it, changed it so they couldn't have changed it back in a hundred years, if only . . ."

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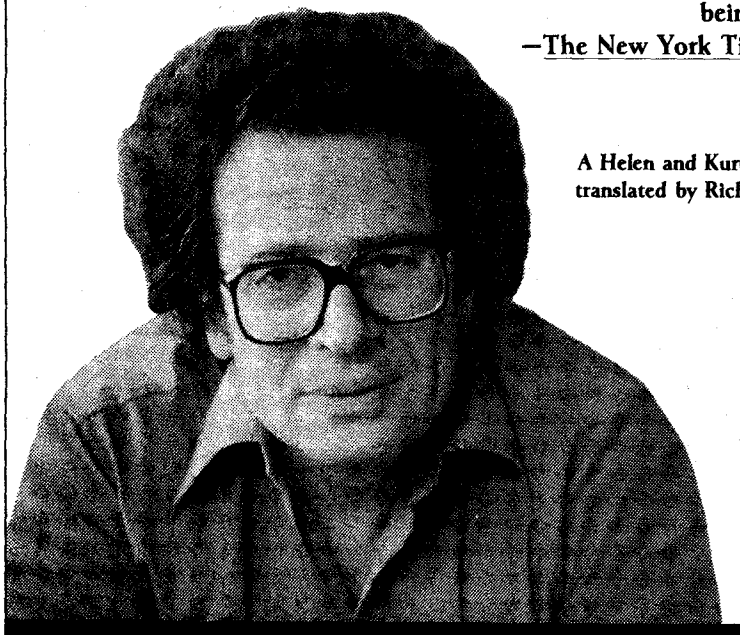

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Instead of punishing this fellow, whom Bob Haldeman once correctly described as "crude, rough . . . dirty, mean . . . coldly calculating, devious, craftily manipulative . . . the weirdest man ever to live in the White House," the establishment has rewarded him with wealth and luxuries. His "banishment" was softened during the early period of exile by the service of "twenty-two persons, including drivers, secretaries, stewards and senior aides." He was given thirty-three Secret Service gumshoes for protection. Anson recounts the millions he has earned from TV interviews and book contracts and real estate deals, while the American public is forced to provide him with a lush pension and an imperial office slush fund.

Illinois Republican John Anderson once said it best: "Why were we ever stupid enough to think that this awful man would fade away like one of MacArthur's old soldiers?" □

The Way We Are

DON BOGEN

NOTES FROM A CHILD OF PARADISE. *By Alfred Corn. Viking/Penguin. 107 pp. $14.95. Paper $8.95.*

Romantic, committed, stridently youthful, the 1960s have an unresolved emotional claim on those of us who were coming of age back then. On the one hand, there's nostalgia—the existential discussions late into the night, the passionate marches and rallies, the scents of patchouli and tear gas—on the other hand, there's relief at having left all that stuff behind. Few generations have received so much attention or been so convinced of their own importance. It's no wonder many of us are struggling to explain the period two decades later. We were, as Alfred Corn's new narrative poem reminds us, "children of paradise," and it's hard to look back on those naïve and dizzying heights with anything approaching objectivity.

Corn, now in his early forties, might seem the least likely poet of his generation to take on the challenge of capturing the sixties. The values his poems celebrate—rationality, refinement, a balanced sensibility in life and art—run counter to the dominant ideals of the time. As his work has progressed from *All Roads at Once* (1976) to *A Call in the Midst of the Crowd* (1978) and *The Various Light* (1980) to the present volume, Corn has defined himself as a deliberate, self-conscious craftsman, a poet who favors considered judgments over spontaneous outbursts, allusion and irony over direct utterance. Increasingly drawn toward traditional forms, he takes obvious delight in the wit of an apt rhyme or the elegance of a long sentence spun out in fluid blank verse, as in this passage near the beginning of *Notes from a Child of Paradise*:

> Paris. City where *le Mal*, reclining
> In the mufti of ennui, sighs and thrives;
> Where an Angel named Change spins a silver-
> Spiraling arc across one's zinc-gray days;
> And discourse will be new, or not at all.

The chatty references and urbane musicality here are typical of the volume. If some modern Rip Van Winkle were to awake now from a fifteen-year snooze and read about the sixties in Corn's poem, I suspect he'd wonder where this guy was coming from.

He would, however, recognize the period. *Notes from a Child of Paradise* shows a journalist's eye for the significant detail: the Gitanes and espadrilles of the well-heeled young American abroad circa 1964; the obligatory acid trip sent through the U.S. mail; the "handbill snowstorm" of Paris in 1968. Though the poem has a clear plot with the requisite moments of suspense as the poet and his lady meet, fall in love, split up, reunite, marry and finally separate during the middle and late sixties, Corn's *Notes* are more than a novel in verse. He retains the note-taker's freedom to list, sketch, speculate, and digress from the narrative as the mood strikes him. A good amount of the book, for example, recounts the explorations of Lewis and Clark; elsewhere Corn discusses his Ph.D. thesis in comparative literature, the problems of travel writing, and other seemingly peripheral issues. As he deals with these diverse materials, the poet is by turns analytic and tender, wry and boyish. Corn's insouciance can at times seem coy, but the overall effect of

Don Bogen graduated from Berkeley in 1971. He teaches at the University of Cincinnati.

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his discursive reflections is one of immediacy, variety and ease.

The six-year love affair at the heart of *Notes* is equally lively. This is not a simple boy-meets-girl/boy-loses-girl story—the marriage is bracketed by the poet's relationships with men, although the issue of sexual orientation never dominates the poem. Corn's periodic attempts to turn his lover, later wife and then friend, into a kind of Beatrice figure set her on too lofty a pedestal for this book (I'm reminded here of the punning self-admonition in one of his earlier books, "We are not a Muse.") Still, Anne's earthly charms and complexities are well realized. Beautiful, mysterious and independent, she resembles the women in those classic films everyone had to see in the sixties: *Casablanca*, *Jules and Jim* and *Children of Paradise*, which all figure in the poem. If the women in these movies are composed largely of fantasy, this is an appropriate element in a story of young love. Tracing the couple's growth, Corn gives us a number of memorable scenes. His most engaging work is on the early stages: the awkward declarations of interest during a semester abroad, the eager establishment of a household, a painful first betrayal. Though the slow drifting apart in the last third of the volume is perhaps by its nature somewhat less interesting, there is fine writing here too, as in this interlude recalled by Anne:

> Remember how, the laundry done, we'd take
> A clean, still-warm sheet? And clasping the corners
>
> Advance until our foreheads almost met,
> Join hands, let go, and back away again;
> Then halve the rectangle and both step forward
>
> To meet again, perhaps this time to kiss; and part
> With one left behind to make a final fold,
> The soft octavo volume safely shelved . . .

Framed by memory and the folds of a poem aware of itself, this stately metaphor of separation and harmony shows Corn's precision and lyric control.

In all his books Corn has made good use of the shaping power of meter and stanza. The basic formal unit of *Notes from a Child of Paradise* is a thirty-line chunk of iambic pentameter, occasionally rhymed, and broken into three,

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two, and ten stanzas as the poem progresses. It's a roomy, flexible structure, well suited to Corn's digressive voice and his penchant for stuffing his lines with *things*. His descriptions gain a certain density in this format—not through condensation but through sheer abundance, as in this glimpse of the couple's first apartment:

a furnished flat
Off Riverside Drive. No, *fur*bished:
grandiose
And fraying, formerly salon of, what,
An 1880s Romanesque château
Hacked into single and double pieds-
à-terre.
You entered through the bedroom,
paused, then stepped
On grassgreen carpet into a high
chamber
With a big marble fireplace carved in
rapt
Mêlée: coquilles, acanthus, spiral
pillars,
And central triton puck whose branching thighs
Unscrolled in supple coils to either
side.

The piled-on incongruous details, Frenchified vocabulary, and oblique pun on "*pied-à-terre*" in the footsteps on the grassy carpet evoke the whole pompous scene with the witty chuckle it deserves.

Corn's deft handling of tone in this and other passages is one of the delights of the volume. In a poem of reminiscence like *Notes*, emotional stance is, of course, crucial. Too earnest a look at the past, especially when the scenes are inherently romantic, can result in self-glamorization, while a view that is too dry can make the memories and the poem as a whole look frivolous, a mere excuse for self-mockery. Corn manages to avoid both extremes. His irony and frequent references to his present life give him a healthy distance on his subject, but he doesn't use this perspective to hide his vulnerability. Consider his treatment of the couple's first meal in that *pied-à-terre*:

Remember when we sat
Down to our first real dinner, tall windows
With leaded lozenge mullions letting
late
September dusk and, sure, some long-stemmed candles
Play two tones on our table, flickering
In time with Mozart (K. 622—
His warmest work, did I agree? Your
"theme song.")?
I do. . . . So topics would arise:
Watteau,
Bergman, the *Sonnets*, a speech of
Reverend King.
And always we knew (knew almost
audibly)
That U.S. fire was tearing through
Hanoi.

The alliteration in the opening lines is as self-conscious as the interlude itself, and the implied conversation has just the right grad-student mixture of intellectual appetite and preciousness. Corn has the grace to expose the innocent pretension of the scene without deflating it in an easy put-down. That "sure" in mid-description is a perfect touch, reminding us that the pleasure of romance is not necessarily diminished by our awareness of how silly it all is.

The last couplet in the passage serves, of course, as a reminder of the bleak backdrop to this domestic moment. Though the politics of the age are not at the center of *Notes*, Corn's book leads us through a series of seductive revolutionary scenes—Berkeley in 1964, the Haight three years later, then Paris—defining his increasing alienation as goals turned more utopian and methods more *outré*. If the child is growing up here, Corn resists reducing the marches, love-ins and battles at the barricades to naïve expressions of youthful exuberance. Like the poet's marriage, the

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political struggles of the time began in passion and ended in disarray. Yet Corn sees neither as failures. To discover that young love can fade and revolutions fizzle is a necessary prelude to a more accurate view of the world.

Accuracy is one of the small, rational virtues *Notes from a Child of Paradise* comes to affirm. In the love story, forgiveness and continuing friendship are the main values. Despite the high drama and tragedy inherent in his subject, Alfred Corn has written a book that is fundamentally genial. His combination of sympathy and critical distance gives an important perspective on a youthful, passionate age. If his portrait of the 1960s is not all our romantic side would desire, it is nonetheless a vision we can use. □

FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Another Country
Under the Volcano

There is a line in English history that runs from Marlowe through Oscar Wilde to Guy Burgess, with Heaven knows how many bends in between, and along it the legitimacy of an empire is intertwined with the politics of male sexuality. Marlowe was a rebel, an atheist, a gay bawd and a literary regicide; from his peculiar perch he threw the book at Tudor power and purpose: a finicky Faustus, a kinky Edward II, outrageous Tamburlaine. Those were hardly the noble reflections that Renaissance royalty expected to see in the theatrical mirror. Wilde was the funniest and wisest English playwright since Shakespeare, and for a while he titillated Victorian tastes. But his sexual irregularity sent him to jail, exile and disgrace, and in the moment of self-destruction he had his greatest triumph: by sad example he shattered the moral pretensions of the empire's highest society. Burgess wrote no mighty lines nor spoke witty epigrams, but he struck his own telling blow against the empire at its lowest ebb by spying for the Russians with a coterie of Cambridge comrades. Like the others, Burgess was a sexual outlaw, even as a social success. And like the others, he turned against king (or queen), country and class not because the empire was too bad but because it was mean to him. The bully who taunts the sissy gets his comeuppance in the end.

Another Country is an attempt to explore Burgess's formative years at a green and Gothic public school, unnamed in the movie but presumably Eton, and to draw some connection between his tormented homosexual existence there and his later attraction to treason. The progression is plausible, but the treatment is not entirely convincing in Julian Mitchell's sensitive screenplay (adapted from his own West End stage play). It is one thing to state the existential equation—that sexual suppression leads to social rebellion, in the presence of cold baths and a Marxist roommate—and another to make it come alive on the screen as emotional reality. Saying is not always believing.

Mitchell and director Marek Kanievska set their plot and players in that lush and languourous land of playing fields, parade drills and hymn-filled chapels which upper-class British men imagine whenever they feel compelled to sentimentalize their past. Like baseball for Americans and sexual initiation scenes for the French, public school days serve the English as a source of easy answers to hard questions about the meaning of their lives. In that other country of endless innings, idyllic affairs with older women or canings by cruel masters, they all find the motives, the reasons and the excuses for adult comportment. Or perhaps they invent them.

At least it all seemed very clear at school. The lads learn the class system in the intricate network of prefects, "gods," seniors and slaves. They practice militarism as teen-age cadets. They worship the Anglican God that favors their dormitory over all others, and they yearn to be Cabinet ministers, ambassadors and devoted civil servants in a government much like the one that rules their everyday life. They even learn how to rebel: safely by jumping the wall and strolling along the backs after hours, or dangerously by denying the legitimacy of the several school institutions. And they know the penalties for each category of infraction.

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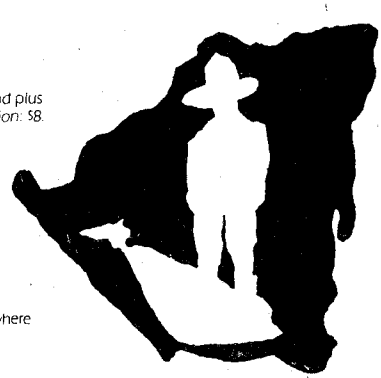

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The young Burgess character—here called Guy Bennett, for this is docu-drama, not history—rebels in a particularly dicey way. He falls in love with another boy, and from another house, no less. I suppose that would be like a Marine dating a Green Beret, which does not seem to be the end of the world, but it must have meant a lot at Eton. Not that the odd schoolboy crush was cause for expulsion; but serious sex and, worse, true love was considered out of the question. Bennett (Rupert Everett) not only goes head over heels for Fowler (Tristan Oliver); he comes out with his feelings, flaunts his affair and courts disaster.

The worst befalls him. He is denied election as a sixth-form god and must face a debased future without the ambassadorship to France he had once desired. But there is an alternative. Roommate Tommy (Colin Firth) has been spouting Marx and making revolutionary noises all these years while Guy was mooning over the pretty blond boys. Perhaps communism can serve Guy as a vehicle for carrying out his personal liberation. At least it would be a way to get back at the system.

There is a moving scene in which Guy chastises Tommy for excluding sexual revolution from his laundry list of political demands, and the straight roommate immediately confesses his error and expresses solidarity with his gay friend. But it all seems too pat, and in a sense too easy, as things must be in the British Disney World of public schools. Despite the filmmakers' hopes, clear rules about the psychosexual roots of rebellion cannot be drawn. For every humiliated homosexual schoolboy who becomes a revolutionary, a thousand more lead very ordinary lives, and a few (following Wilhelm Reich's theory, not this movie's) join the humiliating class and turn their pain on victims like themselves.

As public school recollections go, *Another Country* is intelligently, even lovingly handled. Rupert Everett's young Guy (and his old one too; the actor plays the aging spy in two striking scenes) marks him as easily the best new British actor of his generation. The rest of the film work is first rate, and England's land never looked greener or pleasanter. But even fine filmmaking cannot make a point that writing fails to fashion, and *Another Country* simply is not clear enough, or tough enough, about its terribly important premise.

Guilt can drive good men to drink as well as revolution (sometimes both), and that is the premise of John Huston's hopelessly tedious *Under the Volcano*. In his wild and woolly novel of ideas, images, allusions and emotions, Malcolm Lowry fixed the Consul's guilt in the old dark night of the soul, somewhere between sexual incompetence and responsibility for the execution of German prisoners of war aboard a British Navy vessel in World War I. Huston and screenwriter Guy Gallo fudge the sexual part, misstate the execution business and simply give us two hours of a British drunk going to pieces in the tropics.

"Pray to the Beergen to bring back your e-sposa," the sly Mexican doctor tells the Consul (Albert Finney), in the José Jimenez accent Huston first cultivated in his actors way back in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* ("Badges? Badges? Whee don' nee' no steenkin' badges!"). Finney wobbles to his knees, and before very many frames have gone by, recently divorced wife Yvonne (Jacqueline Bisset) is wandering back to Cuernevaca to save her rapidly decomposing husband.

As it turns out, she only contributes to his quick collapse. Although she refuses to chug-a-lug along with the old sot, Yvonne is what A.A. calls an enabler: she creates the emotional conditions for the drunk to keep the bottle to his lips. "You have one," she smiles in her cool, elegant manner to the Consul.

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"I'll cheer." Soon the unhappily reunited couple, plus the Consul's half brother Hugh (Anthony Andrews), with whom Yvonne once had an affairlet, are off in search of fun, beer, a bullfight and some excitement to dramatize what is essentially a novel of ideas.

They succeed, to a degree, on all accounts but the last. Lowry's elaborately nuanced masterpiece is all about love, death, sex, fascism, idealism, passion, intellect and guilt, and all Huston can show us is drunkenness. I suppose Finney's work is a technical tour de force, but it misses the mark by a mile. What we are forced to watch is a story about a sad, sick man, not a generational *Zeitgeist* made flesh. Huston is said to have planned this movie for three decades while people told him it could not be done, or at least done well. People were right. □

The Official Style

MICHAEL SORKIN

There is no mistaking Washington for anything but a capital city. Every intersection seems to be obstructed by some bronze Cincinnatus on his pigeon-streaked nag. The whole town is in uniform, whether the baroque military version or the more austere Brooks Brothers regulation mufti. And looming at the end of every Federal vista is the backdrop of monumental officialdom, "classical" architecture.

From the earliest days of the Republic, classical architecture has been the designated idiom for national construction. To the founding persons—especially Thomas Jefferson—classical architecture evoked the Athenian polis and the Roman republic, the very cradles of democracy. But whatever meanings the eighteenth-century hitched to it, classical architecture has come to be less a symbol of liberty and citizenship than the pre-eminent icon for architecture itself. Heavy with the import of permanence and continuity, it fairly reeks of dignity and authority. From Moscow to Manila, the most marginal despot, if he has any pretensions at all, longs to be remembered in Corinthian perpetuity.

Today, however, the vocabulary of architectural classicism has dwindled to a mere repertoire of institutional gestures. The problem is no longer how to achieve architectural authenticity, but simply how to get the most bang for the buck, that is, how to retain maximum authority with minimum form. In its most common guise—so-called stripped neoclassicism—today's official style reduces classical tropes to a handful while adding emphasis via multiplications of scale. In the new Madison Building—a mammoth addition to the Library of Congress—classicism is recalled abstractly by an endless entry colonnade. The ideas "steps," "columns" and "enormous" are efficiently blended to signal truly great official weight. Many observers have noted the building's uncanny resemblance to Ludwig Troost's *Haus der Kunst* in Munich, the most enduring building of the Third Reich.

The recently completed Philip Hart Senate Office Building makes even more subtle use of classical authority. The building manages to look undeniably official without recalling any of the standard classical images: no pediments, no pilasters, no perspectival devices. The logic of its closet classicism—in which allusion is substituted for quotation—emerges from the building's juxtaposition with its two older neighbors. The three Senate Office Buildings together form a striking museum of architectural devolution.

The earliest, the 1906 Richard Russell Building, exemplifies neoclassicism in full Beaux-Arts bloom. Designed by Carrère and Hastings, architects of the New York Public Library, the building is encrusted with the entire repertoire of ancient forms. It also happens to be grand architecture with a richness and complexity of space and expression that at once acknowledges and is enabled by the rich and complex tradition from which it so consciously springs.

By contrast, its neighbor, built by Eggers and Higgins in 1958, is just hack work. The Everett Dirksen Building is the sort of edifice one might expect to find housing the speech or hygiene department at an excessively prosperous state university. The style here is less a stripped than what might be called a relic classicism: a mainly mute mass spruced up with a few token cartouches, carved doorways and decorative incis-

Michael Sorkin is an architect and writer who lives in New York City.

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ings—buzz forms to jog the architectural memory.

The Hart Building lacks even these gestures, bearing no direct relation to the style of its predecessors other than its carefully adjusted stone coursing lines. But the renunciation of classical drag has not sapped the building's power to express official authority. In its devolved form the building has a studied inventory of persuasive rhetorical devices.

The first tactic is the invocation of the official material. Hart is covered with a layer of marble so dazzlingly white, so conspicuously lavish, that the specifics of architectural detail are rendered irrelevant. Rhetorically, the gleaming marble serves two purposes. The first is to suggest a continuity that was previously evoked by classical forms. Here, though, the legitimizing thread has been pared down to the simplicity of an advertisement, a paragon of semiotic efficiency.

If the expressive means are lean, their second message is fatted. Those planar expanses of marble are unadorned so that nothing will interfere with the perception of their extent. Profligacy is the current theme of official expression—the articulation of power through waste. During the seven years of its construction (Rome wasn't built in a day), the Hart Building was a constant source of controversy as costs spiraled and overran and as the luxuries the one hundred Senators were providing themselves with were revealed, debated and disavowed. The construction process thus became paradigmatic of the process of government, the architectural equivalent of the B-1 or the MX. Excessive in itself, the building asserts a willingness to incur tremendous, pointless expense as an affirmation of mutual resolve and a symbol of official consequence.

Perhaps the most admired recent example of the new official style is I.M. Pei's addition to the National Gallery of Art. The East Wing is widely held to be an examplar of successful devolutionary neoclassicism, a modern building that manages to evoke and complement the spirit of its more literal predecessor. The means employed are similar to those used in the Hart. Here, too, are profligate planes of stone, overwhelming in their continuous extent. The great achievement of this building, though, is the way Pei supplants the classicist expectation of elaboration and ornament with a simple rhapsody to mechanical stonecutting, replacing craft with precision. Instead of elaborately carved capitals and decorations, there are angles and joints that are giddily smooth. Instead of texture, the building offers an orgy of the uniform. Truly, this is the triumph of bureaucracy and expense over art and tradition.

The East Wing and the Hart Building share another important feature: each is centered on an enormous atrium. The official grandeur of machined marble is made emphatic by a profligacy of enclosure. At the National Gallery, the functional display areas are arrayed in stulti-

THE SKY, ASLEEP, DREAMS A SNOWFALL

The lonely father soothingly releases
Us, like sick children, into the kingdom of rest.
A large conception has broken, falls everywhere.

Without a shot fired, the enemy surrenders,
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The comedians return to the cabarets,

And the patrons order flame, oil, guitars . . .
Whether this steady whiteness falls in the city
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Down the sides of buildings,
Or whether it falls, blows, in the open country,
Increasing the hush of meadows and oak trees,

It is so calm that the car
Creaking through it, going home, becomes symphonic.
The driver believes, for an hour, in happiness.

Alicia Ostriker

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fyingly inefficient subservience to the admittedly impressive central gesture, which at least retains some rationale as an exhibition space.

At Hart, the extravagance is purer, more unabashedly functionless. This literal waste, however, is transcended by a resonant symbolic agenda. In proportion and substantially in detail as well, the atrium of the Hart Building closely resembles that of a typical Hyatt Regency Hotel, lacking only the essential cocktail bar. Like the enclosed spaces in suburban shopping malls, atriums have come to represent the late-twentieth-century American ideal of a civic place: enclosed, hermetic, regulated and grand but without any reference to cities, city dwellers or citizenship.

If there is a general threat to architecture in this country (and there is), it is that meaning is being reduced to a restricted set of codes yielding a Pavlovian architecture of instant, superficial recognition. Seen this way, these latest official buildings are the civic equivalent of a roadside McDonald's: the primary function of a colonnade, a marble facade or the golden arches is simply to provide a recognizable icon. Style becomes defined not in terms of any independent "artistic" consequences but simply in terms of how efficiently it serves the purpose of manufacturing recognition. You need only a few architectural signifiers to get over the message "classical" and thereby invoke whatever additional meanings have attached themselves to it.

Many people—especially postmodernists—argue that the solution to this impoverishment is to revert to ancient models. This misses the point: the loss is not of a particular exhausted style but of something much larger. Official Washington offers no resistance to rampant historicism of any kind. Neither can the capital's architectural bankruptcy be blamed on modernism. In fact, modernism has had almost no influence here. However simple their forms, the Hart and Madison Buildings aren't remotely modernist; they are rather examples of neoclassicism at its most anorexic, self-starved of serious meaning. These buildings are the architectural analogue of neoconservatism; they attempt to replace architectural laws with a kind of esthetic law and order. Intended or not, their message is precisely in their failure, and in their lawlessness, which is the real meaning of Washington's official style. We may have exactly the official architecture we deserve. □

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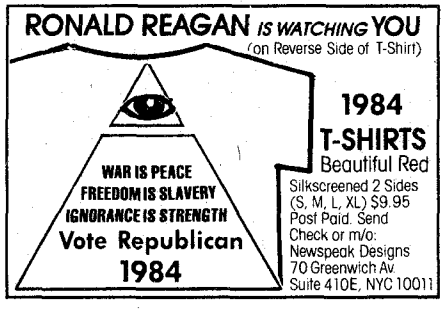

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H	■	A	■	O	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	H	■	A
■	■	■	O	K	L	A	H	O	M	A	C	I	T	Y
O	■	W	■	E	■	R	■	U	■	N	■	P	■	S
B	L	A	R	N	E	Y	S	T	O	N	E	■	■	■
J	■	R	■	■	■	■	O	■	O	■	N	■	A	■
E	D	W	I	N	■	S	U	F	F	U	S	I	N	G
C	■	H	■	A	■	T	■	T	■	N	■	B	■	E
T	R	O	U	S	S	E	A	U	■	C	A	B	I	N
S	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	L	■	T
■	A	P	P	L	E	P	I	E	O	R	D	E	R	■

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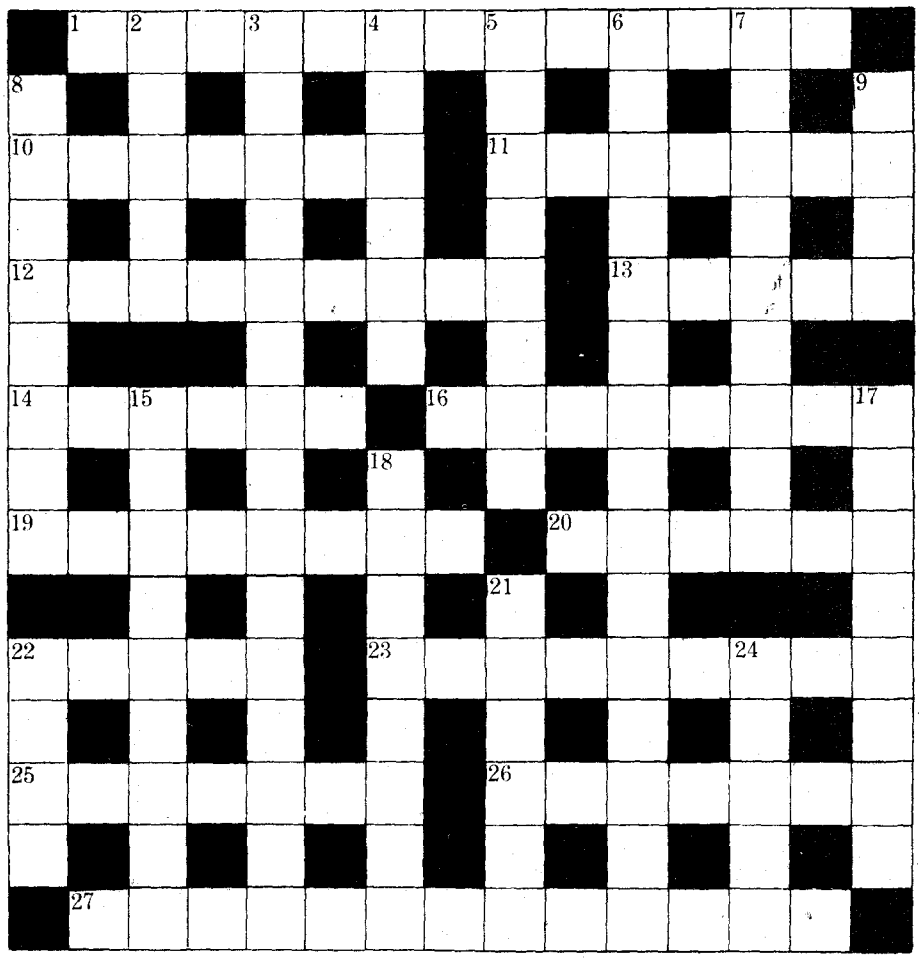
Crossword Puzzle No. 2016

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Baseball's might not be as completely busted as N.Y.U.'s. (3,4,2,4)
10 See 22 across
11 It's obvious about a quarter of the country could be more like environmentalists want it! (7)
12 What one of the 17 did repeatedly. (9)
13 Decline to do so. (5)
14 There's nothing in a bad girl with a name for a nice girl, possibly. (6)
16 Their religion is certainly soulful—with a mass in it especially composed. (8)
19 His is probably paper work—or ironwork. (8)
20 Is such an impression obtained away from the stage? (6)
22 and 10 Serve food to supporters of future fliers. (12)
23 Relating to the back of the top, with a sort of calico tip. (9)
25 A springlike combination? Like hell it is! (7)
26 With some clientele, an order for Henry's wife is kept inside. (7)
27 But this area of England doesn't necessarily claim to be the automaker's employment center! (13)

DOWN

2 Sacred circles under which the very best are supposed to eventually find themselves? (5)
3 A regular apple, proverbially! (It might help with the operating expense.) (6,9)
4 One might begin a summing-up with this. (6)
5 Western head of 23, with depression possibly caused by unplanned meeting. (8)
6 A mouthful might hamper it somewhat, entitling us to make a point. (7,2,6)
7 Go on! It's awkward with a lawgiver about, but they might take care of the snakes! (9)
8 The way they used to court commonly has something missing! (You might not start if it isn't right!) (5,3)
9 See 22 down
15 Open at this place—that's how they described France at one time! (4,5)
17 Do they have to pay their bills before they build new homes? (8)
18 A friend has nothing on a rather low type in the city. (4,4)
21 A long piece of writing, but the germ of it contains little credit. (6)
22 and 10 Serve food to supporters of future fliers. (12)
24 Lower than the bottom of 18. (10, alternatively.) (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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